

4.2 #8

Woodwind

WOODWIND

● AN ARTS PAPER

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WOODWIND is open to articles, poetry, photography, graphics, people who are curious. You can either send material to the address above, or call us at 965-9650 anytime during the day for further information.

We are particularly looking for writers on dance, film, electronics, reviews of small presses, music, any experimental art forms, sculpture, painting, and so on. If there is something you feel we should write about, or if you think attention should be brought to any particular idea or actuality, let us know.

The centerfold and the graphic on page 5 are both from the America Again art gallery, which nestles in between the Mexican Shop and the Bootery on Wisconsin Avenue at O St. This gallery is four feet wide, but shows wider scope in exhibiting young Washington area artists who are very deserving of attention, but find it hard to get exposure through the established galleries. Also, the gallery is organized and run by the artists who exhibit there. Prices are extremely reasonable, and it is a well-intentioned shop: "AMERICA AGAIN is for some gentle needs; the need for something spiritual without being political, for craftsmanship and detail undominated by the machine, for humanism, even optimism--drawing the face again, the figure, looking for beauty, not being satisfied with anguish and ugliness." The address is 1414 Wisconsin Avenue. Stop by.

Contributors this issue are: Hope Messing, Neil Maurer, Louis Catron, Ruth Stenstrom, Paul Jones, David Evans, Cathie France, Creg Moore, Steve Whealton, Merrill Greene, Judy Willis, Mary Chancellor, Patrick, Suzy Frank-Tim Healey-Mike Schreiber-Richard Harrington-

ugh Poems of the People, Julius Lester, James Edward Dahl, ally, Dick Lourie, Douglas Eichhorn, Vincent Ferrini, Joseph Vincent Ward

f Marco Vassi, Alex Gross,

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2



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ST-644

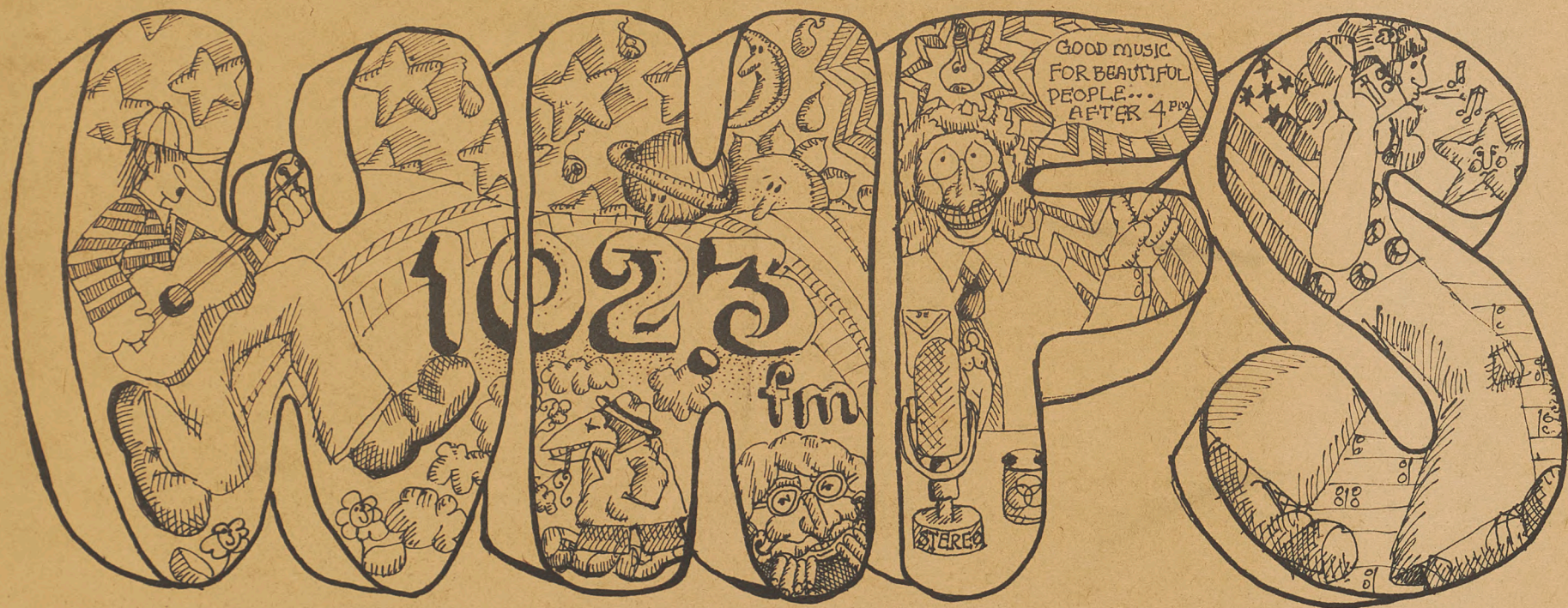
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Happy Anniversary!

As you have probably noticed, this is our first anniversary issue. It has been a good year of work and accomplishment for us, wherein we started with only an idea and have now been able to come this far. The purpose of this page is to thank all of the people who have made this possible. Originally, I had hoped to have a thumbprint of everyone who ever wrote or drew or did anything for the paper, but trying to implement that would have been a very messy business; so instead, I've settled for listing the names of all the fine people I've come into contact with in this past year. My gratitude and thanks will probably never be adequately explained to them, but thank you...

The following people have been the back-bone of the paper: that is, they were either very instrumental in the early days or have become a very important part of the paper since then. There is no order, as that would place a degree on their work, and in reality, all that work has been marvelous:

Ruth Stenstrom, Ernest Hawkins, Stephen Allen Whealton, Robyn Johnson Ross, David Watt, Mark Loewinger, John Zambetti, Pat Patterson, Charlene James, Cheryl Keller, Mary Reed, Judy Willis, David Evans, Lanny Tupper, Merrill Greene, Mary Chancellor, Paul Jones, Tim Healey, Mike Schreiber, and hopefully I haven't missed any of the regular and dependable people I have come to rely on.

The following people have at one time or another contributed to the paper - some more than once, some time as opposed to material, some patience. Again, there is no particular order:

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And special thanks to all of the following, for special reasons:

To The Sign of Jonah, a fine group of people, who listened to a vague idea about an arts paper, and lent us the money to get started, and then showed extreme patience in waiting for its return.

To the many bands who have played at our benefits: Stillroven, Grin, Claude Jones, Crank, Wide Load, Goose Creek Symphony and John Sebastia

To all of our advertisers, without whom we wouldn't exist; especially those advertisers who stayed with us during the early, "formative" stages when it took a lot of faith to back us:

To Emergency, where we had a slight office and telephones at a time we really needed them, and had no place else to turn to:

To Mike Schreiber, who has pretty much given up his privacy to give us a temporary office with phones by letting me use his apartment as a central clearing house, and who has suffered through a thousand temperamental changes and crazy schemes...

To the law office of Dowdey, Levy, & Cohen, where we have done our typing since the first issue, and without whom there would have been a very difficult time:

To our subscribers, for support (and patience, at times):

And last, but very important to us, our printer Jim Coldsmith and the crew and people of the Journal Newspapers. They've been our printer since our second issue, and have helped, not only in advice and aids, but in spirit. For anyone wanting to do a newspaper, there could be no finer place to go to.

Richard Harrington

Richard Harrington, Editor

OUR FOUNDER (THE EDITOR AT EASE)



This picture was suggested by several staff members, and while not entirely appropriate, at least breaks up the monotony of the printed page.

THE KENT STATE MASSACRE

Everyday of their lives
they were
no one/ in particular/
until
the everyday/ordinary day
they died
an extraordinary
dying.

The next day
everybody knew their names
though few had known their lives.

In the rose-colored blood of their dying,
they became more real to us
than if they had lived.

2.

We were deluged with despair
by the flowing of their blood
(the color of raspberries/in late spring.)

Because of their blood,
(glistening on the sun-warmed pavement like the eyes of a
Siamese cat)

we could not
continue with what we called
our lives.

(At least/ not for a day/ or two.)

("As the guardsmen,
moving up the hill in single file,
reached the crest,
they suddenly turned/forming a skirmish line/and/
opening fire.

"The crackle of the rifle volley
cut/
the suddenly still air.
It appeared to go on, as a solid volley,
for perhaps a full minute
or a little longer.

"Some of the students dived to the ground,
crawling on the grass in terror.
Others stood shocked or half crouched.

"Near the top of the hill,
a student crumpled over,
spun sideways
and fell to the ground,
shot in the head.

"When the firing stopped,
a slim girl,
wearing a cowboy shirt and faded jeans,
was lying face down on the road at the edge of the parking lot,
blood pouring out onto the macadam.

"The youths stood stunned,
many of them clustered in small groups
staring at the bodies.
A young man cradled one of the bleeding forms
in his arms. Several girls began to cry." the new york times
5-5-70

4.

Night accentuates our loneliness,
rubbing the revolutionary make-up from our faces,
and we become,
once more,
who we are when we are not
playing our bit roles in a cast of thousands.
We become
one individual in a terrifying world
where
one individual can be killed,
at random,
as it were,
for nothing more than being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

And perhaps, that
is what we must learn to look upon
without
blinding ourselves in the sound of
Right on!
Right on!
Right on!
without hiding our despair in
"Power to the People,"

without the need to ever demonstrate or address one word to
the President,/Congress/the Mayor/or the ubiquitous "they"
we pathetically appeal to.

We are all no one
trying to be someone.

Remember the Kent 4.

3.

We wanted to do something
to stop the hurting which
our heartbeats had become
so we marched to the United Nations
and we marched to the state capitols
and we marched to the city halls
and we marched to Washington
and we listened to the speeches
(the same speeches we listened to
the last time we marched
to the UN/to City Hall/to Washington)
and the cries of "Stop the War!" and "Free Bobby Seale!"
only mirrored our impotence.

But,
we thrust our clenched fist into the air
and chanted our liturgical responses
"Right on!"
"Right on!"
"Right on!"

Then,
when the last speaker had screamed
"Power to the People!"
when the last "Right On!" had been heard,
the crowd began to disperse into its individual selves
amid the debris of leaflets and flyers and signs
which covered the ground like droppings of diarrhetic pigeons.
(Political power grows from the rollers of a mimeograph machine.)

The words
had not freed us
from the weight
of those deaths.

("Sandy Lee Scheuer,
a cheerful 20-year old who wore her black hair in a neat-bob,
was on her way to a speech therapy class
when a rifle bullet killed her.

"William Schroeder
said he was staying indoors because he wanted
no part of campus demonstrations.
Sixteen hours later he lay dead.

"Jeffrey Glen Miller
died far from home, his Long Island Railroad commuter ticket
left behind in a wallet in his room.

"Allison Krause,
pretty and popular,
frequently carried her pet kitten around the campus.
On Sunday she placed a flower in a
National Guardsman's rifle barrel and said,
'Flowers are better than bullets.'
Today she is dead." the new york post and times 5-5-70)

We walked around for a while,
talking with those we knew and
those we were just coming to know,
while the sun sank from view as if it were drowning
and no one could help.





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Neil Maurer's photographs, currently on exhibit at Icon Gallery, are an essay in photo-journalism, reflecting his experience in Ecuador in 1969, where he served a fellowship sponsored by the InterAmerican Press Association. The photos also reflect a humanism that is in itself a reflection of his experiences in the Peace Corps in Peru. The pictures are stark black and white, portraits of the working world and of a working society. Aesthetically beautiful, they are also thematically dramatic. The show runs through February.



8 video views

ZEN TUBES[®] by MARCO VASSI

To write about . . . to write . . . about . . .

Tape is explaining a trip to someone who's never dropped acid. You have to say, it's *like* this.

But here, between the thing and one's consciousness of the thing, between the observer and the thing observed, a gap appears. In that space grow conflict, thought, fear, memory, pleasure, symbolization, sorrow, hope. In short, the entire problem of living.

What helps?

The trap is that any how becomes a what. Any effort in getting from here to there only underscores the fact of the distance. Any plan to get to the other side is merely another ideology.

Some people seem to be able to grab the knack of living in time while aware of eternity, of letting themselves be the formative wave of history while remaining in the formless present. Who knows what does it: genes, traumatic escape from destruction, sheer intelligence, madness, dope, forces from outer space, a shot in the head from a good guru.

But this has always been the few. The many still stumble around in a stupidity concerning self that has brought the species to the point of extinguishing not only itself but all life on earth. How to turn the masses on?

Ah, but that brings us to the how once more. And implies some form of elite who will write the program. Or do the people want to be programmed? Dig, ecology is in the public eye for about a year, and already there are ecology "groups," and an ecology "movement," and a burdgeonong religion of ecology (taped at the Earth People's Park gathering at the Electric Circus, Mama Cass raps, "Ecology has really helped me; I've lost about twenty-five pounds."). In the name of the Fuller, the Commoner, and the Holy Biosphere. Amen.

So, tape is a blast. We sit stoned and dig each other's worldview. We rap and eat and fuck and watch tape. And for us, it's about the same as it has always been: just living fully, openly, honest to the what is. Tape adds a dimension. Watch one of *Mango's* pornos, and dig cock and cunt and rock and hip editing. See that it isn't a blue movie, but an easy scene with some people swinging out and grooving. And you wonder about jealousy and exclusivity and how much of the old puritan blood still runs in your veins. And before you know it, your whole fix on sex is changed. Through tape. Or watch one of Frank's dada experiments, and feel your mind be turned to silly putty. Watch habit-dulled objects come alive in ways that make your hair stand on end, and know that your perception of reality has been radically altered. Through tape.

The tube is heavy. Electrons whip through a vacuum and fall in waves on a sensitized screen, where the human animal reads them as patterns, as *meaning*. Just like in real life, where the stuff of existence bops about, doing its subatomic thing, and lo and behold, vortices of consciousness appear to ham their way across the screen. No illusion of movement, as in film. What you see is the stuff of energy doing its dance, and the dance seems strangely familiar.

When the image on the tube turns out to be you, seen through the eyes of someone who knows you well, or who knows how to look, catching you in an unguarded moment, when you see all the intimations you have had about yourself in electronically impacted reality, objectified, then your mind expands.

That's right, kiddies, just like with grass. Only different, and in some ways, more. When the technology really gets sophisticated, it will definitely be more. And for full effect, combine the electric and the chemical inputs.

What is tape? Tape is metatheatre. Tape is understanding the metaphor of life-as-theatre in a more than intellectual manner. There you are, on the screen, doing what you just did ten minutes ago. Reality has been recorded. And you are watching the recording. But you are reality, now. And it doesn't take too long before you make the jump to the awareness of reality watching the recording of reality. And if you have a hip cameraman around, he will tape you watching tape, and then play that back, using a technique which allows you to see yourself in an infinity of television screens, one inside the other forever. Space disappearing into space as time laps upon time.

If you don't achieve satori on the spot, you have a skull filled with solid concrete.

However, we must assume from their behavior, that a good percentage of our fellow human beings (although they are sincere folk doing the best they can) have their skulls filled with cement. Will the genius of the technology affect them? Or more immediately, will the communications barons allow anything more than a spoon feeding, sufficiently interrupted by commercial announcements, and then only if permeated with government approved conditioning?

Tape will soon be everywhere. CATV will bloom, and electronic neighborhoods will be the rage. Special-interest networks will spring up. Home cassettes will rival the hi-fi markets in sound recording. There will be a computer in every pot and playback equipment for the sophisticates to add dash to their orgies. Videotape encounter groups will stick up their hybrid heads and bray like donkeys. Tape as an art form will develop its modes, its classicism, its surrealism, its abstractions. The boobs who have been staring hypnotically at the tube for thirty years will come to with a start, rub their eyes, and discover that they have a radically new medium on their hands. Finally, it will become good business. And the race for exploitation rights will be on.

But by then there may be no air left to breathe.

There is some talk, and there will be more, in so-called underground tape circles about the revolutionary impact of tape. I think it's too late for all that. Every innovation in technology brought about by heads will be used by the power-trip neanderthals to furnish a more sophisticated 1984. But that's the way it goes.

I think the thing to watch out for is this. That there be as little talking about all this as possible, not to keep the enemy from overhearing or any of that nonsense, but to guard against coming to believe one's own rhetoric. The next thing you know, there will be a videotape movement. And theories of videotape. And videotape critics. And the whole superstructure of the very scene that tape is supposed to help get us out of.

Organizations don't work. They never have. They won't now. So it is above all imperative to keep things loose, to keep the flow moving.

Let tape work, not become a fetish. Make beautiful tapes, but remember that you are conveying information, not making art. Art is a fossilized concept. Show tapes to your friends. Make tapes with your friends. Remember that the important thing is the friendship.

Krishnamurti defined war as "the spectacular and bloody projection of our daily lives." Right on. Already the seeds of schism have appeared, the rivalries, the factionalisms. Already there is a scramble for the man's bread, with all the changes that involves. Already the deadly structure of the civilization begins to order the relationships among the videotape avant-garde.

The alarm button is ringing all the time, so loudly and so consistently that it may become an unnoticed part of the environment, and we end by shouting and gesticulating frantically, or ending all efforts at communication, because life these days is like living under a 24-hour blast furnace. You wish everything would just lay down and stop for a while!

But it doesn't stop. History knaws at your belly like rats. The throttle is wide open and the pilot is asleep at the controls. Hydrogen bombs fused and ready, up there flying all the time. Radioactive wastes in the soil. Oil on the beaches. The carbon cycle teetering dangerously. And everywhere, suspicion, anxiety, confusion. Welcome to the twentieth century. Watch the babies starve. Watch the old folks die of loneliness. Watch the schizophrenics drool. Watch freedom everywhere forget its name and sink into a fuzzy memory of what it thinks it might once have been.

There is no good denying it: there is a security to be had in slavery. Not the ownership of one human being by another, but the willing lashing of one's mind to the mast of some inner psychological security, some belief, some seeming certainty. To stand alone and free is sheer terror. Until you get used to it, and then a certain healing numbness sets in, which is the signal that you have slipped into habit once more. Free is putting it all on the line all the time, not coping to false security in the outer or inner worlds. And no one can be free but you. No one can do it for you. Even your friends can only offer you a joint.

Can the sheer impact of the tape experience do it? If the medium becomes interactive on a wide scale, and information is accessible to all, if the dictatorship of knowledge (power) is broken, will the people be free? That is, will every man woman and child on the face of the globe stand in full constant existential freedom, a creature of essence as well as personality, an ape-angel that can live with duality and survive with humor and grace? Because nothing less than that will do.

We shall see. In the face of our history, any vision which even hints at such utopian conditions is suspect. But life is for the living of it, and on we go, doing the best we can. One thing, at any rate, seems certain. A good part of the generation which grew up with television as part of the environment is beginning to use the medium in ways proper to its structure. And in the creative use of technology is the first faint sense that the apocalypse can be caught and reflected in its full awesomeness. Perhaps, if the species can be made to see, reality *see*, itself as a sleepwalking evolutionary freak, perhaps in that very seeing may be intelligent action.

So raise high the video cameras, adjust sensitivity control, fix horizontal roll, stabilize brightness and contrast, and forward! Either to rouse the human lemmings from this accelerating rush to cliff edge and oblivion, or to leave for whoever comes after a video verite of the end of our world.

This article is reproduced from RADICAL SOFTWARE.

Humanity has progressed from one percent living in appreciable health and comfort in 1900 to 44 percent currently living at higher standards than ever before—exclusively through the efforts of design-scientists whose heads probably were cluttered with all the fears, illusions and confusions that Krishnamurti so rightly deplores. I acknowledge that Krishnamurti probably was right, but that ultimately it comes down to a question of priorities; we simply don't have much time left for luxuries. Nothing in our experience indicates that sufficient numbers of humanity are going to spontaneously shrug off two million years of fearful conditioning before we reach the deadline of the doomed. With 200 pounds of TNT for every pound of human flesh on Earth, that's a dangerous strategy. On the other hand, it is now scientifically demonstrated that humanity's schizophrenic design-scientists can liberate us all from economic slavery by 1985. Then and only then will we be free. . . . Bucky asked if I knew that he and Krishnamurti were friends. . . . Krishnamurti maintains that if one thinks clearly,

experiences life directly, without bias or ideology or the filters of conditioning, then the physical world will change as a result of the change in man.

. . . Fuller, on the other hand, observes that we are what we eat and insists that a fundamental reorganization of the physical environment will result in a new human consciousness.

Reprinted from article by Gene Youngblood, *LA Free Press*, April 3, 1970.

TAPING THE GALAXY[®]

by ALEX GROSS

Two ideas that should be separated right away are video-tape as communication and videotape as art. They may in fact be mutually exclusive, though each one may be alright on its own level. Videotape art is already a reality and is likely to become even more important in the future, but it should be remembered that it is almost part of the nature of videotape to be able to reach large numbers of people, which means that art in its elitist sense, as it has developed in other media, may no longer be a relevant concept. The idea of people coming and paying money for the privilege of worshipping videotape as art may be an approach at odds with the medium.

A more meaningful concept of videotape may involve a simple passage of people in front of the material in an unpretentious, homey sort of background. Part of the appeal of conventional television has been that we have been able to watch it informally with none of the fixed seats and enforced silence of the movie house. Phonograph records have represented the same sort of advance over concert going. If videotape salons do become part of our neighborhoods simply because they offer material not available on conventional television, then we may expect the networks to finally start having second thoughts about their level of programming. It may then turn out that one of the impact of videotape will be to revolutionize the nature of what is available on television.

This will be quite revolutionary in itself, though it is by no means all that videotape will do to change society. Even if network TV does get hipper because of the threat posed by public tape, there will always be a time and culture lag between what the pioneers in the field are doing and what the networks are letting through (or more probably imitating).

The confusion of videotape with art is dangerous for another reason. There are some videotape people who are so turned on by the medium (and its undoubted potential) that they assume that all that is videotape is necessarily good. They worship videotape in a way that is not in keeping with a new medium which must remain lean, lithe, and healthy in order to find its place and be most influential—rather they worship uncritically anything that is put on tape and they put anything on tape in any or no style at all merely as to worship it. It must be realized that there is good and bad taping just as there are good and bad films, acting, or music. Unless some special effect is being attempted, there is an optimum time exposure for any precise purpose, and optimum lighting plan, and a choice of optimum camera angles.

There is nothing wrong with a hand-held camera, poor sound and lighting, and bad timing where the material is all important or better conditions simply are not available (or where they add to a mood or effect), but there is no point in rejoicing in these conditions for their own sake. There is certainly no point in calling such work art. The really great videotape artists may turn out to be the ones who first master the incredibly sophisticated mixing equipment and special effects generators available in commercial TV studios and start playing them like the giant image organs they really are. None of which is to say that art is unobtainable in the meantime on simpler black and white equipment.

Much is also made of videotape's ability to make things seem absolutely natural and lifelike, so that it is possible to jolt people into gaining insights into themselves and society by presenting unexpected material on it. This is undoubtedly true, though it may become less true as tape becomes more an accepted part of our daily lives. The real jolt comes not just because tape is lifelike but because most of the network TV we have been indoctrinated with has been so stylized, remote, and unlikable. In this sense the effect of the first honest tapes may be the same as the effect of the first socially relevant film we ever saw or the first dirty book we read or the first crotch shot in a sexpaper. In that case the effect will probably wear off and we will be free to explore tape for its own sake, just as we have all become connoisseurs and critics of socially relevant films, dirty books and crotch shots.

Sex is another area videotape is sure to affect, with all the potential this has for the rest of our life. In the last century the famous Victorian sensualist Walter, who wrote *My Secret Life*, used to move a mirror to its best angle next to whatever bed he was operating in. With videotape the participants will have the added pleasure of seeing themselves on TV while they do it or, if they prefer, they can have a tape monitor on one side of the bed and a mirror on the other. But there is a technical problem which the sensualist will encounter in his (or her) use of tape. It is impossible to make love and operate the camera at the same time. This means that the camera must be planted in one place and take in only one angle. The solution to this problem is to invite someone in to hold the camera, which will mean changing the nature of the sexual act for many people. And if one invites one person to hold the camera, why not a second or a third? And in that case why not pass the camera around among everyone—it may turn out that in this context videotape is the kinetic equivalent of the polaroid camera.

The most important thing is that videotape will function for a society based on active participation what television was for a society based on observation from afar. This means that good tape will not necessarily be the same thing as what we thought was good TV, and the tendency to merely parody the television we have known, typified by Channel One, is likely to be a false start, though an understandable one when we realize how much deeply pent-up resentment there is against established television. But tape people should not worry too much about old television standards, rather they should be concerned with defining new open-ended standards for the new audience already in the making. No doubt there will be angry denunciations from those on high, just as there is now a cautious certain quality to the undoubted interest many firms and networks are showing for tape.

But the direction of the future is clear in this regard at least. Videotape is more than just another medium—it is a whole new definition of culture. Where our fathers defined their culture in objects to be sold at auction and shown in museums, we today see the only meaningful definition of culture as all the things that connect one mind with another, as openness to new ideas, as communication itself. And videotape is culture because tape is communication.

THREE PIECES: SOME EXPLICATION[®]

1. EGO ME ABSOLVO
2. GUNS, KNIVES OR VIDEOTAPE
3. COLLEGE IS A HIGH CHAIR

EGO ME ABSOLVO[®] is an ordinary single penitent confessional set up against the wall. The penitent (participant) goes into the confessional and kneels. He slips on an audio track which guides him through an appropriate confession. While he confesses, his face is videotaped. When finished making his confession, he goes round where the priest sits and watches the replay of his own confession. Then the tape is erased by the next penitent. Appropriate audio tracks could be gotten by bringing a tape recorder with you to confession. Different tracks could be developed for different kinds of people, young girls, teenage boys, married women, etc. . . . All audio tracks would be the authentic voices of real priests in an actual confessional situation.

*Unexecuted

GUNS, KNIVES OR VIDEOTAPE[®] works this way. Two people, each with a portable pack and camera, face off fifteen feet apart. At a given signal they start "shooting" each other. Both roll tape *continuously* for five minutes. Then both tapes are played back simultaneously on two monitors set up side by side. The area should be large enough so that participants can move around. Variations are possible. Doubling up in teams of two, doing it in a mirrored room, setting up a third camera on a stationary tripod to catch the whole duel for playback with the participant's tapes.

*Executed in Pontiac, Michigan

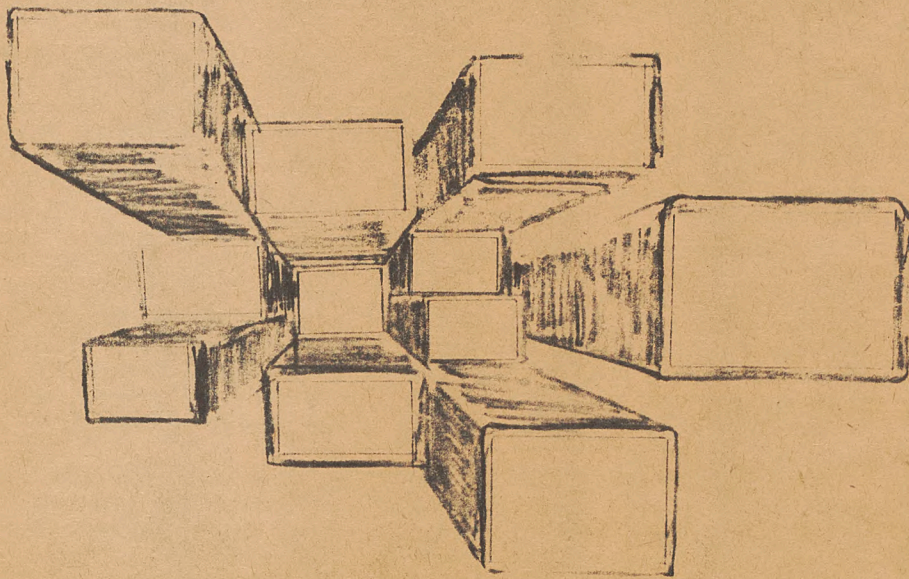
COLLEGE IS A HIGH CHAIR[®] requires a prepared tape of a 9-12 month old baby eating in a high chair. This tape is shot from a tripod facing the baby in real time. An appropriate ten minutes are run through slow motion at half speed to create a new tape twenty minutes long. No sound. This tape is then played back on a video projector screen in front of a classroom. The participants are seated in the standard college classroom desks with the desk top coming around from the side of the chair. Participants are then asked to imitate the baby's movements for the entire twenty minutes in silence.

*Unexecuted

by PAUL RYAN April 11, 1970

ENVIRONMENT

This article is reproduced from RADICAL SOFTWARE.



Drawings by Davidson Gigliotti.

VIDEOTAPE PIECE: THANK YOU FOR PRESENTING ME WITH A DIFFICULT PROBLEM[®]

by MARCO VASSI

1. Build a room fifteen by ten feet in area, eight feet high. Equip it with all the necessary apparatus and supplies for eating, sleeping, eliminating. Provide props for living: stereo, radio, typewriter, books, favorite fetishes, etc.

Have one wall be a solid field of television monitors. Have eight cameras continuously shooting into the room from variously placed slots in the walls so that every inch of space is covered.

Let one person live in the room for seventy-two hours.

2. The television wall will hold twenty-eight 23" monitors. The screens will show the following:
 - a) Eight are live feed, playing back the activity in the room from eight different angles;
 - b) Twelve are delayed feed, playing back the activity in the room in time lapses from fifteen seconds to twenty-four hours;
 - c) Eight are random tapes either shot separately or taken off the air.
3. The piece is viewed on a large screen placed outside the room, shot with a ninth camera facing the television wall and having a wide-angle lens.
4. The purpose of the piece is to give the person in the room the experience of himself or herself as process. It is to destroy the notion of art-as-product. It is to destroy the notion of self-as-object.

Through continual feedback in a shifting matrix of time and space, time and space attenuate and come to the end of their tether. All that remains is awareness-without-context.

In the room, it soon becomes unimportant what the person does. Everything is recorded and played back with total impassivity. Thus *every* thing is as meaningful as *any* thing. A unity of multiplicity is achieved. Intensity comes to inhabit attention while concentration is relaxed. Reality and illusion do sixty-nine. The mind achieves clarity in the state of insanity.

5. The piece has uses in psychotherapy, in education, in entertainment, in experiments on the sensorium, as an environment for getting stoned in, and can be used by couples and small groups who want to work things out. Used with hypnosis and with specially chosen programs on the monitors receiving outside tapes, it should prove an excellent tool for propaganda by those who are inclined to the behavioristic or totalitarian mode.

These pieces juxtapose video with three existing cultural clichés: confession, the shoot out, and the college classroom. By deliberately putting a new media in old winebags the interface between the existing culture and the new information technologies can be profitably explored. Generally the introduction of new technologies has taken little account of the way in which the existing culture is already programmed. For example, talk about the upcoming home communications centers pays little heed to the fact that the kinship system is already a highly complex and formidably designed data processing system. The mindless mutation in family structure wrought by the third parent, broadcast TV, will seem minor compared to the effect of home communication centers designed by hardware heads with no realization that culture is software.

As an alternative to merely talking about the information contours of existing cultural clichés and their relation to VTR, these pieces are designed to provide some experience of the interface for those that are interested. The cultural clichés are approached as information structures. The expected experience is transformed by video design. Electric is elastic. These pieces are structured to help provide a sense of the possibility of cultural design through electric information technologies.

Confession is structured in such a way that the priest has authority over the experience of the penitent. His authority is based on his knowledge of the "revealed dogma" kept by the Church. Out of that body of information he provides feedback for the conscience of the penitent. The priest guides according to the norms of the Church. Videotape undercuts the authority of the priest by providing the "penitent" with a closed loop information system: intake (camera) processing (deck) output (monitor).

This complete information system enlarges a person's ability to self-cybernate. He can take in his own outside. Of course, a person needs more data related to himself than the replay of himself going through the confessional routine. He needs much tape of himself in many situations, with different friends, and alone. The point is that with video it is possible to build up such a self-cybernating data base that undercuts the authority of the priest and his body of information. These considerations also hold true for many forms of private therapy.

GUNS, KNIVES OR VIDEOTAPE seems useful for the questions it suggest rather than for any clear comment it provides. Essentially it is a mutation from the hardware form of a six gun shoot-out to the software form of a videotape information duel. Is winning possible in a videotape shoot-out? What would winning mean? What modes of behavior are appropriate for someone who is simultaneously recorder and performer? What areas of interpersonal relations are explorable in this videotape encounter not explorable in ordinary encounter groups? Is not the metaphor of "shooting" tape misleading?

COLLEGE IS A HIGH CHAIR is based on one of the video experiments done in the fall of '69 at Victor Gioscia's Center for the Study of Social Change using Roosevelt Hospital facilities. The choice of a baby to imitate comes from my own experience imitating the movements of babies. This piece seems to stand by itself as an electric equivalent to the metaphor of spoonfed education. All I want to do here is provide a description of the experiment that generated the piece.

Vic and I recorded a conversation between us using full body shoots on a split screen. We were seated facing each other. A week later we played the tape back using slow motion and no sound. We both sat facing the screen imitating the kinesics of the other on the screen and verbalizing how we felt from going through those motions. It was extraordinary. Holding my head and rocking back and forth in imitation of Vic. "Yeah, I'm listening to what you're saying, Ryan, but I'm really getting ready to strike back." Following a diminutive hand gesture "Let me make it nice and small, Ryan, so that you can understand it." Vic was scoring on me in a similar way and we were laughing our heads off. What was even more extraordinary was when I woke up the next morning. I felt like I was wearing his body. That I had it on. I called up Vic and started telling him how I felt about the relation between his/my stomach and shoulders, stomach and head, torso and legs, etc., etc. Each time Vic confirmed I was right on. For the next few weeks I found I could recall this sense of his body when I wanted.

Let me conclude by saying something to those who feel that these pieces are too contrived. Confession, the college classroom, even a six gun shoot out are extremely contrived forms. What's important is that electrical information systems such as videotape introduce an elasticity into the creation of new cultural forms that may free us significantly from the perimeters of contrivance we've had to date.

Paul Ryan is working now at the New York State Council on the Arts.

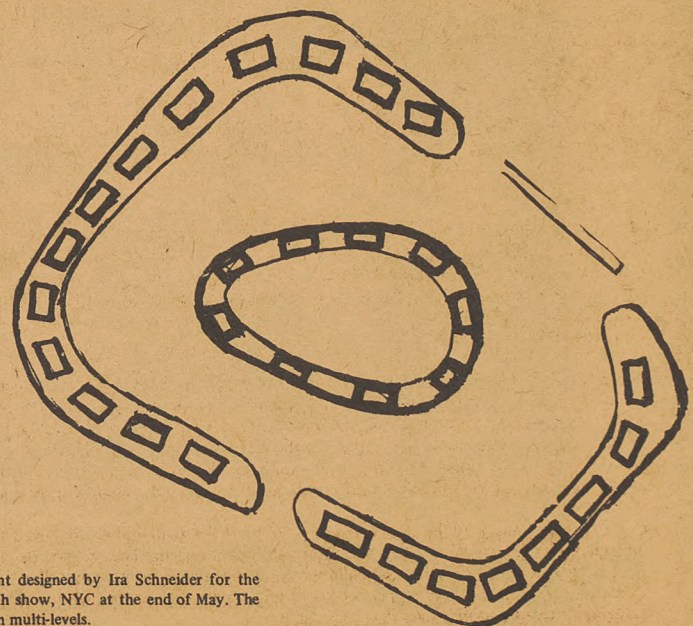


Diagram of environment designed by Ira Schneider for the opening of the Westbeth show, NYC at the end of May. The monitors are situated on multi-levels.



DRAMA

Back Alley: Dianne Anderson and THE UNICORN DIED AT DAWN

Along with the many perplexities which we like to avoid or push to the backs of our minds are all of those mythical beasts, the phoenix, harpies, Midlothian serpents, Sirens, Chimera, Pegasus, Unicorns left static in tapestries, and people of another color. "But the unicorn is a mythical beast" we verbalize and label and sit back satisfied that that cubbyhole of language suffices to express a reality best ignored or at the least "dealt with."

But somewhere, somewhere in this vast quagmire of repression, someone is trying to portray that other world of experiences, whether it is mythical or not. Faced with the problem of imagining someone else's pain, we give up because we have been told that this is impossible we are each separated by that one factor at least: pain is private, sensation or feeling is experienced by ones, and only signs, language brings together the totality of individual experiences and thingifies it.

So Dianne Anderson has written a play, fiction on the cutting edge of reality, almost indistinguishable from the fact but for the stage and people whom we call actors so as to not be confused.

Down the stairwell, bright, with last Fall's leaves performing cyclone dances in the cold wind, turn left through totally unimposing doors, and enter: lobby-hat check-hall closet of an entrance and find a virtual maze of shaped space, raised platforms pushing out as evidence that this really is a theater, spider webs of cords and plugs and eye-socket lights pinned to the ceiling. This is a back alley theater, full of imagined things, the Back Alley Theater at 1365 Kennedy St., N.W., full of imagined things.

There are acts and actors acting.

They are black.

The board of directors is primarily black (where is ART going to?)

There is an almost frumpy little girl pulling her racially classifiable lip with practiced intensity who tells me she wrote what the people are saying, or collated it into form at least, and who leads me to a noiseless area behind the stage to talk and talk.

This, she tells me, is a Black Experience play. That is, us White folks have no basis or fund of knowledge or sensation, no terrifically daily, hourly, minutely experienced somewhat horrifying yet usual way of life, just as boring, painful, delightful, insistent, determined or non-, and timeful.

With as much of history as ours packed into her 33 years, Dianne Anderson has created a work of art which expresses that Black experience with candor, with its insideness of humor and relatable happenings, yet, as art, made to be understandable to the outsider who does indeed share some of the problems with which the play deals: the distance between old and young, between purpose and immediacy, between success and failure, between relevance and its opposite; it is a living-room window made to be looked into without becoming voyeurs.

The actors ("I never could tell them people one from the other") are exquisitely their own selves: father and mother, heavy and weary minister with frail-tough wife, daughter-chick caught between goals both personal and impersonal, son with success behind him and failure looming. "It's not their fight anymore," he says. Change and comfort skirmish, fall back to regroup and tangle themselves in the intricate relationships portrayed. They are not so far outside our understanding.

The sense comes through: all of them are determined to deal somehow with being or becoming "bigger people" than they see themselves. Yet even more basic, the play tugs and tugs and finally drags out the issue, by the tail whining and snarling, of being not just BIGGER people, but bigger PEOPLE.

If we look, not just at this play which we should (opens January 28th) we may just find that in our gardens so cultivated and full, there is a unicorn grazing.

PAUL JONES

Coming Performances

January

- 25-30 1. **New Kingston Trio**
2. Jimmie Andreas Spheeris

February

- 1-6 Les McCann
2. Donal Leace
- 9-13 1. Alex Taylor
(brother of James
and Livingston)
2. Cowboy
- 15-20 1. Ian and Sylvia
2. Andy Wallace
- 22-27 1. Young-Holt Unlimited
2. Joe Farrell

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AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD (until February 12th, at Theatre Lobby.)

Ten years ago, almost to the day, Theatre Lobby was the site of a world premiere, AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD, a new work by Spanish playwright Arrabal, purportedly representative of the European Theatre of Panic. According to director Dennis Myers, who has revived the play for this season at T L, Arrabal also tried his hand at surrealist painting.

Hence the T L rendition of the play is blatantly "surrealistic", with an emphasis upon technically created, grotesque imagery, which one imagines is intended to represent to us the chaos and absurdity of modern, me-first living. As you enter the theatre, you are immediately immersed in a very curious atmosphere. The set gives one the feeling of sitting in a junkheap, consisting mainly of a conglomerate of the hulks of auto wrecks (in itself a work of art). In the meantime you realize that sound has already begun to assault your senses. At the tone the time will be 3:45...and ten seconds. At the tone... ragtime piano speeded up, a whirring busy signal, a rock record stuck on a groove.

And so the technical effects continue throughout the play--the sound, very effective always, well-executed; an excellent "junque arte" set design and clever props-- but something did not happen. The environment was intellectually stimulating, but it failed to help elicit any emotions; it was interesting, but hardly menacing or ominous.

Likewise, in many ways, the production is more like a multi-media sculpture with surrealist images than a play. Perhaps this is what Arrabal wanted. It is said of Arrabal, that in his successive plays, his interest was to create an entirely mechanical theatre, totally eliminating human content. Yet, through either the fault of the playwright or the director, the milieu of AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD is so saturated with larger-than-life, seemingly avant-garde sights and sounds that eventually they become devoid of meaning and cliché. But above all, the violence and ugliness of these images lacked drama or shock value; they seemed passé.

And what is happening in this dump? No less than a recapitulation of the Christ story in a modern-day metaphorical context. In this case, the Christ figure is very innocently, unprincipled rock singer Emanou (Emmanuel), who gives free concerts nightly for the poor (which happens to be illegal). All of this takes place in a society of selfish people residing in the remains of cars. We never see these people because they have developed no need to participate in the outside world--all of their wants (food, sex, entertainment and whatever else you can think of) are ministered to by a caretaker, Milos, and his mistress, Dila, who makes it with everyone, but is Emanou's lover. All of the characters, with the possible exception of Milos, have a very child-like, misguided, ignorant, ritualized system of values. This theme is recurrent in many of Arrabal's other plays. (Earlier this year, American University had a go at his first one-act play, "Picnic on the Battlefield", in which soldiers on both sides naively accept and play at war without any concept of what they are doing.)

According to Myers, Arrabal's paintings often show man made powerless by woman. Thus, while Milos may control Dila physically, she holds the upper hand. And Arden Staroba as Dila definitely holds an upper hand where acting is concerned. Her sultry manner, her strength and her basic innocence are convincing and well-conveyed.

Other excellent performances are given by Madelyn Coleman and David Koons in physically exhausting roles as turnabout lovers who become the police in pursuit of Emanou. Norman Aranovic, as the fugitive, though new in the part, is developing a believable version as the guiltless idealistic Christ figure who can't perceive the truth. The indignant Milos, proprietor of the dump, played by Carl Mance, is reminiscent of several of the establishment figures played by director Dennis Meyers in other productions at Theatre Lobby. Above and beyond the butler-like staidness required for his role, the emotional responses of his Milos seemed too controlled--they lacked spontaneity.

But even with some fine acting, the interrelationships between the characters (love, hate, fear, betrayal) were often either ambivalent or lacked substance and hence failed to involve the audience emotionally. Due to an over-reliance on the technical and a de-emphasis on characterization, the play has been deprived of dramatic impact.

One does have to concede that even sans drama, the collage-like mechanics of the play were generally well-conceived. Credit is due to technical director Maggie McDonald and to S.J. Pierce for set design.

RUTH STENSTROM

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With magnificent loneliness and the effete aestheticism of the desperately calm, Winnie sets about another day, one in the infinite series of happy days bequeathed to the hangers-on to species identification as human. She preens; she prays somehow to something with the customarily folded hands and bowed head of the forever zealous; she rattles on of static banalities made profound in isolation; she sinks further into the constriction of her life.

This is the setting of *Happy Days*, written by Samuel Beckett in the early Sixties; the final couple, man and wife, seemingly lost but found in a desert of their own choosing, no asking why as if that would be the final blunder, the one sinking steadfastly into a pile of sand, the other beastlike, crawling in and out of his assigned hole to read and re-read and re-read the yellowed news: "Wanted: bright boy." Everything is strikingly calm and usual, the absurdity of the set only deepened by the unquestioning devotion to the predicament itself, if a predicament it really is, or perhaps, more likely, a writer's sentiment of environment.

The artifacts of existence, Winnie's bag, its contents, "dear bag," her parasol, have reasonably become, through the visual irony in the audience's eye and moreso through the ever-so-logical extra-polation of sociological truth, the customs and habitual movements, the existential markers, silences in mind or utterance, the semidependence or verbalization, the inability to actually give in to despair, to "set lips," which exist in Beckett's Everyman.

Granted: that I am definitely set in some ways, determined if you will by certain cultural and personal environmental ways of thinking, this the sand; that I do have some indeterminate facets of existence, things, thoughts, the will to be a plaything of chance if I wish, then this which protrudes above the sand, unconfined as yet. Winnie has ordered her day, even insofar as to be unable to withstand the external ringing of signals which have been pre-set to maintain that order. That is far from lamentable. Take what you have to call your own, call it your own, unaffected by anything or anyone else, take that minute part of you and choose to make it anything you like. Perhaps you will produce a satisfaction. Certainly Winnie has done this, and it is not a thing to sneer at, although it may not be your own idea of what to do.

In the horrid silences and totally visual experiences to be derived from the silences, Mimi Salamance has produced a large noise. Scott Schofield, Willie in the play, her sidekick literally, in this maniacal preservation of sane neurosis, carries an intensity barely able to be equalled in modern theater. Apparently even more aware than the audience of the situation Winnie is in and has placed him in, he also carries the rituals to their end, the funeral and ghastly complicity of the sharer in unnamed bathetic strivings.

Everything is confronted, the big ones, love, sexuality, death and its aftermath, options to a pre-determined life style, relationship. Everything has combined in this play to create a rather frighteningly whole piece of news: the audience is desensitized from its simply regular place to be the recipient of an individual communication; the major themes are literally confronted; the actors are called upon to be a bit more than their educatedly Stanislavskian selves.

I'm not sure who wrote the press release for the play, but it is all wrong. Don't read it; if you have to read it, then go to the play besides (at Open Stage in Georgetown or Folger Theater in a few weeks). I think that it is an incredibly fine success, granted the cast and staff both the hideous nights of previews and the aptly-termed "press" performance. Don't go if you expect to be uplifted, although you might be if you are lucky or a genius. The "inherent" ambiguities are merely a product of your ignorance.

PAUL JONES

The JOHN AND ABIGAIL currently at Ford's Theatre is one of the most dissappointing presentations to reach Washington this season. It dissappoints not because of the expectations which one brings to it, but because when it is all over you are left with only a mild sense of loss. However provocative the idea of writing a play using only the language of letters actually written between the title characters may be in the abstract, one tends to suspect the finished product. A nice idea, the sort of thing that might even wake you up in the middle of the night, but when examined in the light of day...The project seems ultimately anemic, a project more of academic curiosity than dramatic necessity.

Though it is far too long, there are moments when the play is surprisingly effective. These are due to Michael Higgins' superb characterization of the young John Adams, vigorously alive to the time he inhabits, and to the spirit of the letters, the elegance, wit and love they communicate. What successes the show has seem only peripherally due to the playwrights' work and not at all to the offensive staging of the director, Theodore Mann.

Though conventional, I take William Gibson to be a serious author. It is far too easy to dismiss *TWO FOR THE SEESAW* as unexceptional summer stock material without stopping to recognize the objectivity and honesty with which the characters are presented. And because he is capable of something so simply good, one hopes for more.

But Gibson's biggest failing was to have turned his property over to so inept a director as Theodore Mann in the first place. It would seem to me impossible to botch *ARSENIC AND OLD LACE*, but Mann pulled it off with aplomb. And now, in attempting to give relevance to the revolutionary implications of the Adams's letters, he caricatures serious explorations into the art of acting and the meaning of theatre.

At one point in the play, the supporting members of the cast walk to the front of the stage and with woefully pained expressions shout out, "Pestilence is knocking at your door!" The whole section of the audience where I was sitting broke into laughter. It was the only possible response to so fatuous a presentation of what must in fact have been real terror.

To prove his contemporaneity, Mann has taken the superficial elements of the work done by the Open Theatre and the Polish Lab Theatre and set them as the backdrop to the play. In so misusing the real work that is being done in theatre, he succeeds only in demonstrating his own attachment to plastic and artificial values. It is as if some liberal housewife from the suburbs, in order to better understand the significance of *Black Power*, turned to the witchdoctor scenes of old Tarzan movies as a source.

Mann established some sort of reputation in New York before having the good sense to get out of town before it caught up with him. Why he chose an already colonized people, the fair citizens of DC, to inflict his insecurity upon, I don't know. I only wish he hadn't.

DAVID EVANS



AUTOMOBILE GRAVEYARD

LITTLE BOXES at Washington Theatre Club

LITTLE BOXES is a double bill of one-acts by English playwright John Bowen, which have been imported by the Washington Theatre Club after a recent successful run in London. The title of the play is derived from the theme of people living "in boxes" and how they get out or stay shut in. Both shows are directed by Davey Marlin-Jones, with a fine cast of characters, many of whom are new faces at Theatre Club.

The first act, "The Coffe Lace" relates the tale of six recluse, ex-vaudevillians, and the amusing circumstances of the final exodus from their "little boxes". With the exception of their manager, Johnny, none of them has ventured outside for over 13 years. Thus impoverished and proud, their only source of income comes from pawning whatever Johnny can find on the subway and one of their few pleasures is to be in the room that's getting heat.

While there are several notable characterizations, the play falls short of being anything more than pleasant.

"Trevor", the second show, however, offers a particularly hilarious premise and follows through to be an excellent comedy. Imagine you, an out-of-work actor, have been picked up by a girl only to find out that she is a lesbian who wants to hire you to play her lover "Trevor", in order to show her parents that she has a fulfilled love-life. Imagine, too, that her roommate suddenly needs you for the same purpose, to be her "Trevor". And then imagine that you must be both men at the same time fending off two sets of parents!

J.S. Johnson as "Trevor" quickly draws you into the absurd complications, with a marvelous sense of timing, expressive physical gestures and a delightfully impish sense of humor.

Also, especially funny were the characterizations of the girls' fathers by Brendan Hanlon and Ronald Dawson (a veteran of TV's "Dark Shadows" and Ruth Maynard, as the liberal espousing mother.

While comedy prevails, "Trevor" is also successful on another, more human level. For after all is said and done, we are confronted with two girls in love but "shut in", alone, with parents who don't listen or understand. And the message is felt.

RUTH STENSTROM

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"AutoPortrait"

a/55

Cathie France 196

POEMS OF THE PEOPLE

YOUR CHILDREN'S DEAD EYES

This is hardly a hymn of praise for the older generation
But when we speak to you of change, you reply why things must remain the same
you answer with excuses you answer with lies

We speak to you of Asian massacres
You say they massacre too...
Where would you stop the slaughter? & when? When they stop theirs?
You speak to us of Viet Cong terrorist children carrying plastic bombs meant for GI Joe
We mention women with children in arms nailed to wooden walls by bullets
You speak to us of women with grenades beneath maternity blouses
O speak to us of 3-year -old Viet Cong terrorists with pigtails and sunshine grins of Viet Cong terrorist babies spun in the air like footballs
& O Brothers where did you get your Nazi bullets for those slant-eyed niggers those yellow-skinned jews?

You are wrong You are wrong
You have made too many errors & you are wrong
O we do not say we will not make errors and we do not say you are ugly for having been wrong
We will make mistakes we will be wrong (my god how wrong we have been already...)
We say do not defend your errors while standing in your graves & ours
Do not create these concrete coffin mistakes upon the edge of which you foolishly stand
Go gladly, go gently into the sweet Earth feed the sweet Worms
& return to nourish your children as we must also enter the sweet ground to nourish our children
& WE WANT CHILDREN we want children
O not 3, or 4, or half a dozen but one for each pair of us
for what will we be without children?
We will be as you, gunning them down from the machinegun graves of our errors
We do not want that no we do not want that

But when we speak to you of change
you reply why things must remain the same
You answer with excuses you answer with lies
You speak to us of Viet Cong terrorist puppies
Of Viet Cong terrorist cows, chickens, & ducks
of Viet Cong terrorist flowers
& speak to us of Viet Cong terrorist students sneaking up on brave guardsmen, ah the long Ohio midwest afternoons
Speak to us now of defoliation
air & blood pollution, overpopulation
chemical & biological bombs
of the Nixon & Agnew hydrogen Apocalypse...

Speak to us of ghettos, budgets
arsenals, priorities, elections
of radiation cancer & your children's
dead eyes yr children's dead eyes

Speak to us of ghettos, budgets
arsenals, priorities, and elections
of radiation cancer & your children's
dead eyes your children's dead eyes
Speak to us of the Hsiao Mieh the NKVD the SS Auschwitz Dienbienphu Dachau Algeria Siberia Hiroshima Dresden My Lai Biafra Buchenwald Nagasaki Lidice Kent State your children's dead eyes
Speak to us of murder rape plunder & pollution
& how, because we enjoy sex in the sun we must be obscene
Yes... When we speak to you of change
you reply why things must remain the same
you answer with excuses you answer with lies
Speak to us but remember
your children's dead eyes

William Wantling

Poems of the People is a free press service for the underground/alternate culture/movement press. All the people are invited to submit poems, stories, and reviews to Box 324, Mt. Pleasant, Michigan 48858; include a stamped return envelop. They depend on subscribers to support free service to papers (now \$5 for 8 much larger mailings).

warning

I try to take part in only the most simple events tired of the symbolic everywhere but its no use last week all I intended was to return some records of early blues singers to the library at Lincoln Center only to find a wall of cops blocking the door "just to the library these records are" "buddy you can't go in some nut phoned in a bomb scare" and so spoiled a pleasant evening at the Film Festival for hundreds the whole building library too closed off evacuated patrons well dressed milling about Eleventh Avenue and wouldn't you know it it's the due date for these things and by the time I get back here next week Leadbelly Broonzy Charlie Patton Sleepy John will be costing me money and trouble to get rid of they're all overdue that's a strange word overdue

dick lourie

ANNIVERSARY

for Alexander Dubcek
and Spiro Agnew

Melting has always been easy for us
Your embrace as warm as ever
My ribs ache after
I spit blood

It has been said in proverb
trees do not whisper
unless wind blows

You offer me the toast
from the skull of Helen of Troy.

Joseph Bruchac

WASHINGTON(UPI)

A leaf the size
and shape of the human
heart apparently blew
through an open
window in the White
House today

It drifted

It drifted down the clean
empty corridor, stopping
outside the door
to the room where
the president goes
when he needs to be alone

the leaf was still
green but had begun
to curl at the edges
like a piece of skin
dropped into a hot
frying pan

When the door
To the room opened
The president, apparently
unaware that the leaf
was there, stepped on it,
crushing it under his heel
on his way out

Douglas Eichhorn

THE PEN and THE BRICK

The hand that threw the brick
that broke the money-eyes of War

that brick is the pen of Goya
on no paper

the brick that tore a hole in the Flag
cried out for Space

it is the bedrock of an intelligence
laid in action

for all the rest is talk and paper rags
the nor'easter is pushing down the sewers

Vincent Ferrini

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In the city of H'wo-w'en-zan
a young girl dwelt by the sea:
quiet she was, walking at dawn
along the beach by the debris;
lovely, she was, walking becomingly
with tiny steps on and on,
this young Marianne.

In H'wo-w'en-zan there were young men
to follow Marianne beside
the sea, to kiss her yet again,
to Kiss her at the morning tide
and then to take her to the glen
at night to whisper to her pride,
the lovely Marianne.

And, oh!, her smile was soft moonshine;
her touch, a butterfly's faint wing;
her hair was long and black and fine;
and when she laughed the bells would ring;
she'd laugh to men in the starshine
and make each think he was a king,
that laugh of Marianne.

She chose, in H'wo-w'en-zan, from all,
one to receive her life, her hand,
to share her smile at evenfall;
she said with him she'd take her stand
for he could save her from the squall
that swept across the heart and land,
he that loved Marianne.

Of H'wo-w'en-zan he was Sea-King
and of the beach she was the Queen.
If they had talked in evening
they would have known both loved the green
and blue waves which pound, roar and sing--
but they took that to be routine,
he and Marianne.

He loved Marianne, this fisherman,
he loved her with his hand and eye;
he built a new catamaran
so he would know he could supply
her with food fit for nobleman
and all the things that fish could buy
for Marianne.
He loved the girl, this artisan,
and shouted poems to the sky
about her laugh, about their plans;
he whispered to his nets he'd fly
above sea gulls if he could lie
with Marianne.
He scoured his soul with tears for banns
and cleansed his hut to glorify
a wedded life which love began,
all for Marianne,
smiling Marianne,
laughing Marianne,
his Marianne.

Yet his love put her into a cell,
she thought; and at times she slipped free:
Marianne had always loved sea-shells;
she had to walk along the sea,
she felt; again, under its spell,
along the beach by the debris
with tiny steps like a gazelle,
walking at dawn becomingly:
this did Marianne.
And men from H'wo-w'en-zan pell-mell
rushed to join the refugee--
along the beach the temple bell
of her laugh rang out daintily.
The life of the fishman was hell
listening to Marianne,
smiling Marianne,
laughing Marianne,
the Marianne he loved so well,
who did not know he loved the sea as much as she.

And of their love there's nothing more to tell.

In the city of H'wo-w'en-zan
dwells an old lady by the sea
and now she cries her tears at dawn
for things lost that never will be,
the lonely Marianne;
her tears run wasted to the sea.
And there's a fisherman at dawn
taking his little boat to sea,
returning when the dark comes on
to dream alone, a mockery
without Marianne,
sleeping alone in agony.

In H'wo-w'en-zan the wise men say that love must learn to
be like a river:

when tightly bound a river runs most deep, cutting great
canyons through hardest rocks of life;

when there are no banks, the people say, a river sprawls
without effect and loses itself and its integrity.

But that is H'wo-w'en-zan
where they know that fisherman and Marianne.

Your little fingers,
small butterflies,
once flew into
my clumsy hand
and nested there
with whispers.

The wings fluttered
with sun's perfume
on my cheek
and then to my lips.

They brushed against
my bared back
so gently I could not leave.
The softness held me tight.

Your hand was warm:
it brought spring's breeze
when my life was filled with snow.
Your hands took mine
against your breast.
We touched
and we
were love
atop the flowers.

But butterflies must leave,
I guess with other things to do,
and winter always comes
to bend the flowers
out of sight, away.
Your fingers now
are loose
with heavy indifference
and carry ice
splinters.

SAFE PASSAGE

Awakening to find you intertwined
with me upon the cushioned floor
in billowy June's slow afternoon
and the blinds drawn tight
against the outside small world
is a feeling that must be like a lonely
sea captain's, after a storm, who finds
the signal light markers where he
knew (or maybe hoped) they'd be
to enter safely his harbor
with tired sails all furled.
Lying here, I think we're two of a kind,
that contented sea captain and me,
and your our bright signal-light
that brings us to the quiet shore.

There'll be no more

tomorrows left to count
of singing dreams
and wishing schemes for weekends
being one with sun and sea at the beach
and inordinate amount
of touchings in impersonal motel
muzak's funny tedium counterpointing
our well spring of love's flow.

Nor trips

away
away
away into that blue-orange glow
that meteor explosion stretched
as we explore each other
aware that time can stop for hours.

Throw out the maps and thoughts
of city places we could go
escaping local busy eyes
that bore
and bite like the sand flies
we swept away only a month ago.

We'll never hit
the distant mountain camps
to sit with all the gear
so thoughtfully inventoried.
The fish and deer will have
to get along without us now.

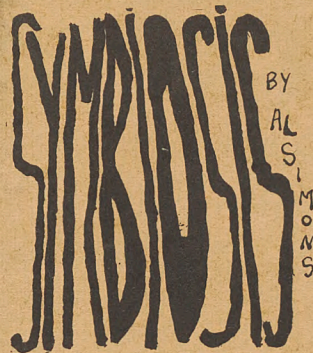
We'll lose
warm laughter in the night
before
our cooling sleep intertwined
so tight into the dawn.

And gone will be
the shopping at the store
for cheese and wine and things
and shutting out
the phone's insistent rings
at home
at home
and love upon the floor
at what we once called home.

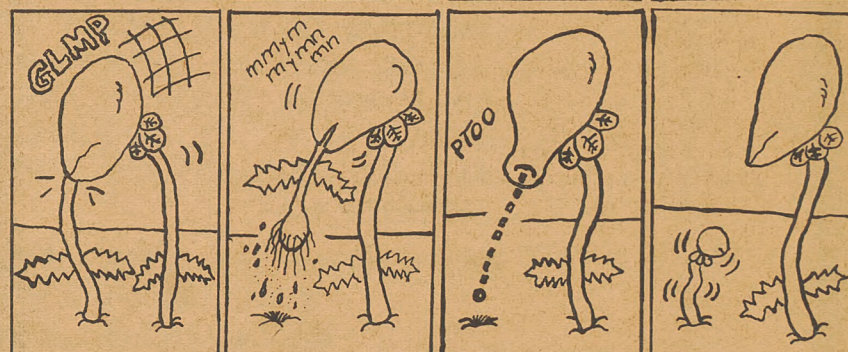
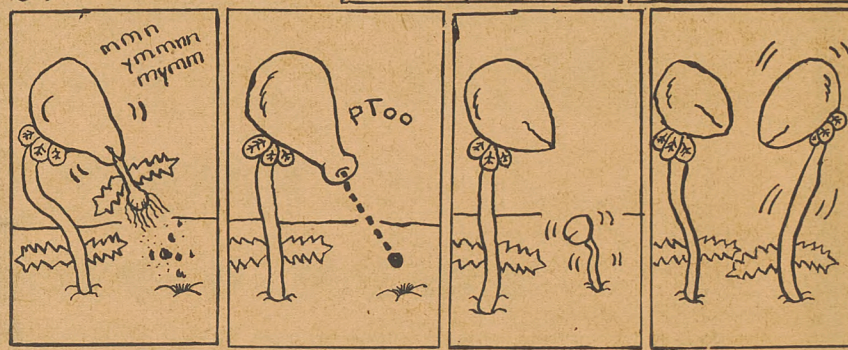
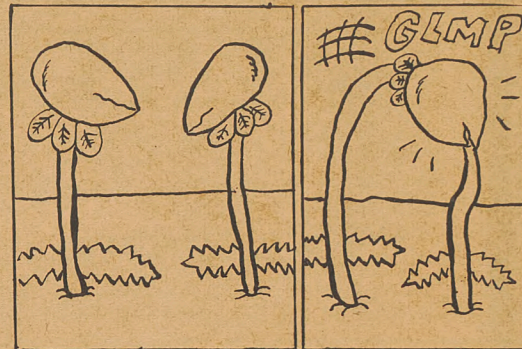
All, no more.

We'll shower separately now
never to laugh about
the scratches on my back
and the tanned design
across your belly.

There shall be yesterday's
memories
growing distant and hollow,
yes,
But no more.



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(WISCONSIN AND MASS. AVES., N.W.)

8:00 P.M. WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 27, 1971

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(MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT AND BRITISH PUBLIC AFFAIRS COMMENT-
TATOR) AND DR. JOHN H. DAVIS (FORMER COMMISSIONER GENERAL
OF UNRWA); PRAYERS AND READINGS BY LEADERS OF SEVERAL
FAITHS; MUSIC BY TWO AREA CHOIRS AND A VOCALIST; AND READ-
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The Story of My Friend the Stranger, Me

ACCOMPANIED BY MAGIC CAT, BROWN RABBIT, JUPITER MOONDOG AND THEIR PERVERTED FRIENDS

by greg moore

17

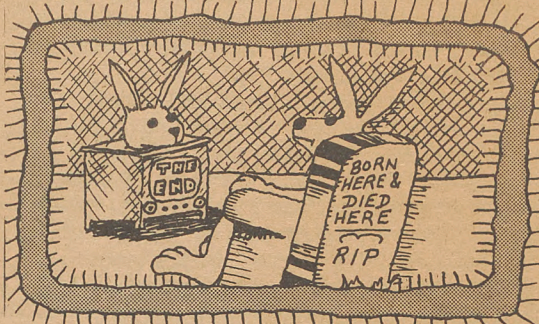


part I:

... you who were my friend are a stranger to me now... stranger yet i am to me although i don't know why... the storm that raged is now a gentle breeze, the rain that fell, a quiet flowing stream... now all that once illuded me is in a tranquil dream...

"a friend in need is worth two in the bush"

G. MOORE 1966



part II:

... things evolve as certainly they must... from what they were to what they are to what they will be... what will he be?

... he will be ashamed of his pride and proud of his humility... a stranger to himself... HIMSELFish, dying MAN... HERSELFish crying WOMAN... woMAN... woMAN...

his mother's tit bleeds from his bite her father is on behind...

(and in his state of being ONE must realize HIS PERFECTION....)

... PERFECTION... from where we came and to where we shall return...

part III:

... apart from what has happened to ourSELVES is the understanding of existence... to see the ILLUSION we must depart from it... surrender to the VOID...

then all that we have seen... felt... heard... is but the smallest part of nothing...

YESTERDAY and TOMORROW have melted into ONE timeless NOW... the UNIVERSE is just ONE ETERNAL MOMENT...

I.F.O.F.O.
(IDENTIFIABLE FLYING OR FLOATING OBJECTS)
many people are unaware that there are lots of objects flying or floating in the atmosphere around us! most of us are conditioned to ignore them or

else be accused of madness. Nonetheless....



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FLOATING FISH WITH NOSE HOLDER & MAGIC CAT FOOLING AROUND

DEDICATED TO RHEA, PRIESTESS OF THE LAW OF ONE AND KEEPER OF THE STONE...



JUPITER MOONDOG

all those who laugh have also cried



part IV:

... there is no this or that... there is no pain or pleasure... EVERYTHING is an integral part of the whole... ONE... the shadow is not the LIGHT nor is the piece the pie...

part V:

... i came upon a hole in my reality and fell in... iam still falling... "none of this exists" i said, "it's just my imagination" (which, by the way, does not exist either)... just then BUDDHA walked in and said, "I AM JESUS"... "no you're not, you're the BUDDHA" i said... HE looked at me like i was really stupid and transformed HIMSELF into a giant BLACK WOMAN!... "I AM KRISNA" SHE proclaimed...

by now i wasn't sure who HE/SHE was and i was really pissed off at HER/HIM for shaking my faith... i decided i'd better be friendly though (HER being a NEGRO and all that)... so i offered HER a hamburger... SHE laughed and turned to leave... "wait!" i shouted, but it was too late... sometimes i feel like a real ass.

GA 1991

A DIFFERENT MUSICAL STRAIN. stephen allen whealton

DGG 2530 048
IVES: three places in new england
RUGGLES: sun treader

Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft have acquired the Boston Symphony Orchestra. In their first set of releases is one which deserves a very special mention. It is quite simply the very best recording of American orchestral music that I know of.

The conductor is new to discs, though he has already conducted "live" in Washington. His name is Michael Tilson Thomas. The music is also noteworthy. On one side of the disc is Charles Ives' Three Places in New England, while on the other is Carl Ruggles' Sun Treader.

These are two of the most important and interesting pieces of orchestral - or indeed of any - music that have yet been written in this country. They are two of my very favorite works, of all. This disc presents them exactly as they should be presented, with playing, conducting, engineering, pressing, record-jacket, illustrations, and all very neatly and properly excellent.

Charles Ives was at once the most revolutionary and the most diverse composer in early Twentieth-Century America. He anticipated several of the most interesting technical innovations which other composers painstakingly developed during the second, third, and fourth decades of this century. In addition, he developed several musical ideas which very much expressed his own notions. That is, he was both a prophet and a pioneer.

Besides pioneering polytonality, serialism, polychordality, microtones, and many other musical joy-rides, Charles Ives developed a few which no other composers managed to arrive at. One of these involved quoting from other works of music. Ives believed that a listener's emotions could 'legally' be stirred not only by means of the usual musical sounds, but also by re-subjecting his listeners to old and familiar sounds. In this way, Ives reminds his audience of other experiences.

Quotations from patriotic songs, Protestant hymns, and the classical music which Ives admired spice most of Ives' pieces. Often, these are quoted in toto for a few seconds; that is, with the original composer's orchestration, etc. More often, however, Ives quotes only a melody. In this latter case, the familiar melodies will seem to burst out from a melange of, totally chaotic sound.

And chaotic it certainly is! Ives' most outstanding innovation of all was certainly his predilection for rhythmic complexities which went two quantum leaps beyond anything known before. For performers, this means a completely new dimension of execution difficulties. For listeners, it means a strange and impressionistic nebula of sound. The individual parts are too many and too complicated to hear, and it is very much to Ives' credit that he could imagine the sounds without ever hearing them.

Ives heard, in fact, only a very few of his pieces. All during his composing life, which ended around 1925 as his health grew worse, Ives worked virtually alone. His insurance business kept him composing to weekends, but even in this ivory tower, he wrote much of the best music that the United States of America has yet produced.

Three Places in New England is Charles Ives' most completely successful piece, in my opinion. More mature, coherent, and fully realized than any other orchestral piece, this one is a gem. It features 3 movements which cover Ives' various moods well:

1. "The 'St. Gaudens' in Boston Common" This slow, nebulous orchestral maze draws the listener into Ives' esthetic world.

2. "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut" This is raucous, and full of quotations of familiar melodies. Once or twice, Ives' ram-bunctious sense of humor can be easily discerned as he plays games with bugle calls, rhythms, and other things.

3. "The Housatonic at Stockbridge" This is the most famous movement of the piece, often played by itself. Like the opening section, it is a maze; but here it is carried far beyond the opening statement in its dreamy impressionism.

Charles Ives made a lot of money, being a very fine insurance man. Much of it he gave away, and some of the wisest of his gifts were in the form of help for a fellow-composer, Carl Ruggles. Ruggles, like Ives, was independent-minded in the extreme. His music was certainly as dissonant and difficult as anything Ives wrote. It's most outstanding difference from Ives' music is in the fact that where Ives' music is diverse, Ruggles' is singular. Carl Ruggles made only one basic stylistic change during his entire composing career, it seems to me from studying his music - early in his career he switched from homophony to polyphony - from chords to melodic lines. All of his mature works seem to have been created from the same impulses.

This is not to say that they are not complex. They are lean, beautiful, craggy, and relentless. Tension, relaxation, soaring lines of melody, throbbing sound attack the listener in such a way as to draw him into Ruggles' world.

"Sun Treader" is Ruggles' magnum opus; his masterpiece. It is only 16 1/2 minutes long, but during this time, Ruggles way with sound, melody, and traditional counterpoint have ample time to bombard. Beautiful sound-textures hide among the elemental risings and fallings of melody. The entire piece is introduced and concluded with a dramatic, slow, drum-roll. Ruggles was obviously relating something of basic importance in this piece.

In short, these pieces and this disc make a very very fine buy. I cannot recommend them strongly enough.

COLUMBIA MS 7265: IT'S GONNA RAIN + VIOLIN PHASE
ODYSSEY 32 16 0160: COME OUT

Steve Reich is one of the aesthetic descendents of John Cage who has found his own particular 'thing' and is pursuing it. Between 1965 and 1967, he produced a series of pieces which featured an idea which sounds too simple, or perhaps simply silly.

Basically, this idea is a kind of variable echo, electronically achieved. Steve Reich's pieces which use this technique feature an electronic device which adds an echo to a sound after a slowly increasing time interval. Got that? It's complicated to explain, but very basic to hear. Imagine a hand clapping (two hands clapping, that is): If you record one clap, and then put it on a loop, you can get the sound of that clap over and over again; "clapclapclapetc. NOW, slowly and imperceptibly, add an echo. At first, it is so soon after the original noise that you cannot detect its presence. Then, as you lengthen the delay-time, the sound takes on strange and subtle characteristics. It sounds as if it is being made in a room this big, now that big, now in an open space. The sounds you hear being made electronically are similar to the sounds you hear when you listen in a room with echo. Then, as the delay-time becomes longer and longer, the sound merges with itself, and you cannot tell what it is any longer.

Mr. Reich does not use the sound of two hands clapping, and indeed he is more interested in the sound of a sound merging with itself than with echoes. Frequently, his original sounds are some words which someone spoke in a non-musical context.

There are two discs of Steve Reich's music available. One, the less expensive, features only one of his pieces. It also has pieces by Richard Maxfield and Pauline Oliveros. It is Odyssey 32 16 0160. Reich's piece on this disc is called "Come Out," and it is based on a tape-recording of a young black boy describing a beating which he suffered in a police station. The entire phrase is presented first, and then a few words are selected for repetition and echo treatment. "Come Out to Show Them" is heard over and over, so that when the echo becomes discernible, the listener is familiar with the exact sound. Rhythm, inflection, and sound itself are made clearer in this process.

The other disc, Columbia MS 7265, features two longer pieces by Steve Reich. One, again based on a spoken phrase, is called "It's Gonna Rain." Here, a young, black pentecostal minister delivers a short phrase, laden with emotion and the familiar sing-song of a fervid religious sermon. The phrase, "It's Gonna Rain" is taken out of this statement, and the echoing process goes on much as it did in "Come Out." If this kind of music (or whatever you wish to call it) has any attraction for you, you will like variations upon the basic theme; if not, then nothing Mr. Reich does can attract you, except perhaps some other day when you are more susceptible.

On the flip side, Paul Zukofsky performs a violin phrase, and the piece Reich makes of this he calls "Violin Phase." Here, the variable echoing is so precise that you can see the patterns in the grooves of the record itself! As the disc spins, the slowly-moving echo can be detected in the spirals on the face of it.

So, if you think this disc is up your alley, try it. If you are interested, but still hesitant, try the cheaper Odyssey disc. It has two other way-out electronic pieces on it as well, and even if Steve Reich's piece doesn't send you, maybe one of the others will.

DGG 2530 014: Mauricio Kagel Ludwig van

DGG 139 461: Karlheinz Stockhausen Opus 1970

The Bicentennial anniversary of the birth of Ludwig van Beethoven last year has not yet ceased to effect the recording industry. Not only are there many more Beethoven releases to be actualized, but also the composers who have felt so disposed have written pieces celebrating Beethoven in their own ways. Deutsche Grammophon has issued two of these pieces recently, and it is interesting to compare them.

First, there is Karlheinz Stockhausen's "Opus 1970," which is a special version of his piece, "Kurzwellen," or "Shortwave." In its normal format, this piece features a group of instrumentalists who listen to short-wave broadcasts and then play their instruments according to the composer's instructions; translating the short-wave information into musical patterns. As the piece is performed, the short-wave broadcasts are heard as well as the instrumentalists' efforts.

In "Opus 1970," Stockhausen has simply replaced the short-wave broadcast with a set of tapes of Beethoven, while the musicians' instructions for playing remain the same as in the short-wave piece.

This is rather complicated, but the result is interesting to hear. It is a thoroughly Stockhausenized version of Beethoven, and the older master's music comes through more as an inspiration for sonic improvisation than as a clearly recognized sound.

The saving grace of this piece is the fact that what Stockhausen's music sounds like is very interesting in its own right. If not very Beethoven-like, then at least it is extremely provocative and interesting on its own. To those who are interested in more than the superficial aspects of the sound of a piece of music, Stockhausen provides a fledgeling composer or a serious student of music with an extremely diverse and original set of ideas on how music can and should be made. He is certainly the most influential composer now living in this way. During the past few years, his music has developed; diversifying in some ways and narrowing its focus in others. Not only is it important, but it is beautiful.

Mauricio Kagel has learned a very great deal from Stockhausen. Born in Argentina of parents whose cultural origin was German, Kagel has spent much of his life as a mature composer in Germany. His approach to music has much in common with Stockhausen's, but his is a more consistently humor-oriented music. His Beethoven-piece is simpler than Stockhausen's, and the Beethovenness of the music is at all points completely obvious and clear.

Like Stockhausen's piece, Kagel's takes Beethoven's entire output and fragments it. Like Stockhausen, Kagel tries to help his listeners make connections between Beethoven's time and music on the one hand, and the present time and present music on the other. Kagel, while perhaps being less provocatively interesting to a serious student of his music, provides a much more Beethoven-like sound-experience. The piece, which is associated with Kagel's film on Beethoven, is entitled, "Ludwig van." The film is basically a resurrection of Beethoven himself in modern-day Bonn. Many persons, predictably, were incensed at the film for its alleged anti-Beethoven attitude; but of course the film isn't anti-Beethoven but rather it tries to adjust Beethoven-as-we-remember-him, Beethoven-as-he-probably-was, and Our-world-as-it-is. This process can be upsetting.

DGG has been very good to Stockhausen and Kagel, issuing discs of each composer's music with regularity and with great technical merit. I recommend them both; as sound-experiences, as examples of modern music, and as re-examinations of Beethoven.

Washington's galleries seem to be suffering from a lack of variety. Yes, even, mediocrity. The nation's economy is partly at fault. Buyers can only afford to spend a limited amount of money; and the galleries have resorted to group showings, being afraid to stake their survival on the appeal of any one artist.

These are hard times for the critic, too. When collections show only one or two pieces by each artist, depth and perspective are lost. No mood is established, no patterns revealed giving insight into the mind of the man. The pieces can only be reported upon: that is, describing one's impression of their visual impact, applying guess-work and some biographical details to reach a conclusion and form an opinion.

The galleries that have managed to put together one-man shows, of graphics or otherwise, seem to have lost any good sense they may have had before the present "artistic crisis." The artists represented lack the quality of diversity so necessary when devoting an entire art gallery to the accomplishments of one man. Jefferson Place on P Street is a prime example. The current exhibit of Carol Sockwell's paintings points to an unfortunate lack of selectivity on the part of the management. Three rooms are filled with his "anti-paintings": anti-color, anti-form, anti-objective, all very similar. Sockwell's paintings are primarily spacial, and the silver metal frames on the pieces restrict that visual expansion. It must have been an honest attempt to thoroughly explore the work of this man: his technique is interesting and his work is still maturing. I do feel, though, that unlike some, Sockwell's art can be best appreciated in small quantity when compared with the styles of others.

For an exception to the mediocrity, I always return to the Fendrick Gallery on M Street in Georgetown, not only because they have consistently fine exhibits, but because Mrs. Fendrick has managed to avoid the pitfalls which tend to work against a show. She generally exhibits the work of two artists simultaneously, setting up contrasts and means for comparison. The number game is won by providing six to ten pieces by each artist: sufficient to establish a distinct feeling, and not so many as to become boring. Most of the prints are mounted between plexiglass, allowing them to succeed (or fail) on their own merits.

During January, the Fendrick is exhibiting the lithographs of Ellsworth Kelly and Saul Steinberg. Kelly's ten new lithographs exemplify the possibilities available when artist and workshop cooperate closely. This artist is a master of color. Using simple geometric shapes in brilliant tones, Kelly sets up a vacillating, exciting confrontation between the masses and the field of white paper. But this is no Hard Edge art. The artist says: "I'm not interested in edges. I'm interested in the mass and color, the black and white. The edges happen because the forms get as quiet as they can be. I want the masses to perform", (quoted from the Washington Gallery of Modern Art catalogue for its Kelly show, December 1963). The critic John Coplands explains the workshop technique: "The paper is specially manufactured for Kelly to an extra degree of whiteness...the print colors run from edge to edge on each form, flat and unmodulated, but with a luxuriant and sensual edge. The colored inks are densely layered onto the paper without marks and look opaque. In fact, the fibers of the paper are saturated with semi-transparent ink, giving the illusion of the color being as dense as the paper..." Those are the details. The final result is the order and harmony of natural art, itself.

Saul Steinberg is one of America's foremost comic artists. His knack for turning art into social commentary and criticism is eminently obvious in his collection of collage lithos called *Six Drawing Tables* (thru January 30). The "doodle master" uses scribbles, curious people, crocodiles (his symbol for bureaucracy as the political monster), mirror writing and a new medium, the rubber stamp, with which he stamps out his Steinbergian characters with a minimum of effort. Says the artist: "I want to avoid the narcissistic pleasures of pure hard work...I don't want my hand to overcome my brain." So the hand and the mind cooperate. Thoughts flow out of Saul Steinberg's pen. This is an exhibit to see for yourself. It is different for everyone.

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The ART Scene

A new magazine devoted to the Washington art scene has just begun publication. It is called THE ART SCENE, and plans now are for quarterly publication. The editorial reprinted below is a fairly good indication of the directions that the magazine will take. The first issue was extremely well done, featuring articles on painter Alexander Russo, sculptor Carl Mose, the Anacostia Museum, several articles on the buying and caring for of paintings, as well as reviews of galleries, books pertaining to art, listings, and editorials.

The magazine is well laid out and the reproductions (via photograph) are excellent. THE ART SCENE is available at most galleries, at some newstands and bookstores, or from the office-- write to Box 88, McLean Virginia, 22101. Cost is \$1, for a very welcome addition to Washington publications.

Editorial

We hope to give you in the months to come as broad a picture as possible of the Washington Metropolitan art scene, as well as other information of help or interest. Our aim is to help enrich the aesthetic experience of anyone interested in art, to bring together the artist and community, and to make art a living experience.

It is important, however, that this first issue be dedicated to the artist. I am certain everyone will agree that it is only a very special person who can be a poet, painter, sculptor, or musician.

There is nothing that can record the history of man's customs, beliefs, or culture, as well as art. Art has given us more of an understanding of people through the ages than any written record. This is because art is not something that can be forced into false moral issues, or subordinated to political doctrines. However, neither should it be dominated or

represented by the supernatural activity of only a few individuals and separated from the understanding or appreciation of the community as a whole.

Art, as an instinctive force, must be allowed and encouraged to develop. An artist is a part of the social structure who cannot survive or even get close to the threshold of his potentialities unless certain conditions are provided for him. One of these conditions is recognition. Without this we are forcing our artists to become parasites of the elite, or to seek 'greener pastures' in other cities.

We must not be indifferent to our artists, who have been curiously neglected in the past. It is for this reason that we dedicate the first issue to the artist.

Sincerely,

Bev Conolly
Bev Conolly



This fine original etching, titled "Seated Nude", has a fine history. It was done by artist John Sirica for the benefit of the Washington Free Clinic. All work and material were donated by John, and now the prints are available at Georgetown Graphics (3209 O St., NW). Cost is only \$15, with all proceeds going to support the clinic. This is one particular example of an artist and a shop-owner caring for the welfare of the people. Patronize, and consequently help the clinic.

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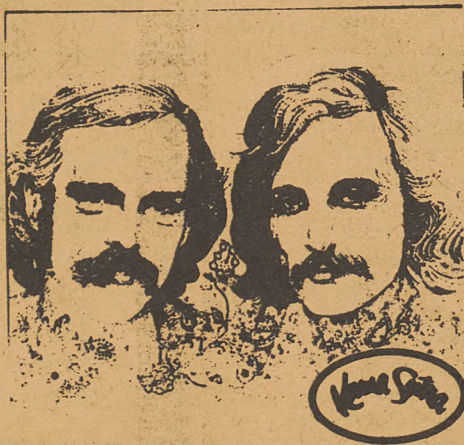
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TOTAL LOSS FARM by Raymond Mungo, E. P. Dutton, 1970, 181 pp., \$5.95, hardbound.

I read TOTAL LOSS FARM while hospitalized recently with some dreadful disease. It was a most fitting condition and place to read the book. What comes through strongest in Mungo's second autobiographical work to be published within a year (the first was FAMOUS LONG AGO, paperback, Beacon Press) is his desperate attempt to grasp at shreds of life in the midst of death. Even when all vital functions are exhausted, he would invent a sign of life as slight as the mist of breath on a mirror in order to give himself and us the hope we need to go on living.

Mungo's is a meandering style. Although the book is divided chronologically, Mungo interrupts his own narrative whenever he thinks of something that fits in with the mood of what is happening, rather than the time sequence. This pulls the reader into Mungo's confidence. It is like reading a letter from a friend. For instance, in the middle of the account of a canoe trip following Thoreau's route up the now shitty Concord and Merrimac Rivers, Mungo hits us with his reaction to the death of Marshall Bloom, with whom he had co-founded Liberation News Service several years earlier. Bloom's death occurred after the boat trip. But Mungo tells us about it in the middle of the excursion and then proceeds with more details of the foray up the ruined rivers. What ties the two together? Society's disregard and contamination of its natural resources; in one case, water, in the other, human. Mungo comments: "Marshall's death was the logical extension of the Concord and Merrimac Rivers trip." Yet in spite of evidences of death surrounding him, Mungo is able to say at the end of this chapter: "Live off the land, our fathers said, and so we do... they didn't care enough about living off the rivers, oceans, and skies. We'll eat no meat or fish, it is clear. We'll burn no oil or gasses in our houses, and finally in our cars. We'll bury our organic waste as deep as we can. We'll try to stay alive, for what else can we do? Friend, we are barking up the right trees."

After the boat trip, comes the car trip. It is winter and Mungo and friends don't like how cold it is getting in Vermont so they head for California. It is in this chapter, called "Winter", en route to California, but amid the cold wasteland of New Mexico, that Mungo breaks off his narrative and issues his most exuberant exhortation for life. It is New Year's Eve and by crossing time zones, the travelers have been able to welcome in New Year 1970 twice. Mungo says: "Well the fact is any excuse for giving yourself a fresh start on life is good enough, whether it be New Year's or spring, your birthday or deathday, it hardly matters; what's important is to preserve the right (for it's yours) to call the past over and irrelevant to the present and future... we've got a clean sky above and a fresh sun rising, we've got to start again or none of us shall survive, we're making the Year One a convenient excuse for a new age of reconciliation on the planet, and you're in it whether you thought you were or not because your interest is at stake, your gonna smile and be happy even if it kills you! No more me? ah, ahah: no more you! No more cold!"

The third section of "Winter", "ideath" is the most evenly written and contains the most lyrical passages in the book. It's after Mungo has returned from California to Vermont and there's something going on but that doesn't matter much because most of what's going on is in Mungo's head. These few pages are so good that I don't want to break down the art by quoting or paraphrasing.

What didn't I like about the book? A few picayune things that I think the author will drop or automatically improve if and when he writes his next book. Things like half-assed dialect writing: the use of 'dyin' instead of dying, 'em' instead of them, 'n' instead of and. I guess Mungo is trying to be folksy, but it is just too cute and is really unnecessary unless he wants to call attention to these particular words. Or if he wants the book to be read aloud and is giving stage directions. I would also fault the book on lack of character development, except I'm not sure this type of book needs character development. What I'm talking about is that all we know about the others in the book is their names and brief descriptions. There is little stated exchange of conversation, let alone emotions, between Mungo and friends. All we have are Mungo's words for it, and Mungo's emotions. But that's plenty for now.

There is a nagging question: why has Mungo, who has left dead society behind for the promise of being reborn in Vermont, churning out books? He answers the question: "I cannot speak for others who, like myself, propose to write books at a chronological age younger than at which it is Decent to do so, but this Book and the one before began as Burn Schemes for me, something to make enough money for body and soul to be kept, and of course it is I who is paying the highest price."

I'm sure Mungo is being absolutely honest. Yet I think there is another reason, too. I think Ray Mungo is a writer. And I have a feeling that if you plant a writer in Vermont, you come up with a book.

JUDY WILLIS

THE MORNING OF A MACHINE GUN by Franklin Rosemont, Black Swan Press, 1858 North Howe Street, Chicago, Ill. 60614, 1968. 64 pgs., \$1.75

On approaching the field of Surrealism, one finds that there are two main branches. The oldest (some 45-50 years) represents what might be called "classical" surrealism, the other is somewhat newer and may be referred to as "soft" surrealism. It is not important to go into a big hassle about which branch is the most relevant... they both have produced many great poems, they both are very worthy. It is enough to say that beyond any doubt the leading figure of the classical section is Franklin Rosemont. The book at hand presents 20 poems, 6 essays, and numerous illustrations, all of which reflect the highest level of creative insight. It is impossible to pick out favorite poems, they are all superb beyond belief, every line leads to another of even greater beauty and surprise. And it is rare indeed to find a book where there is not one weak poem. The 28 pages of poetry are in themselves well worth the \$1.75, but then there are the essays and documents. Tho they are a bit ultra-left they do a fine job of pointing out that Surrealism is: 1) an anti-imperialist revolutionary movement; 2) a world wide movement that, far from being dead, (as the servants and art critics of the ruling class would like us to think), is very much alive and growing; and 3) that Surrealism is not an art movement and cannot be approached from that perspective. Rosemont clearly sees and experiences what is going down, he sets incredibly high standards (see paragraph 8 of "revolution by night") and achieves them all, his poetry "creates a dangerous situation in the mind" and forces the reader into the poem. You will not be able to ignore THE MORNING OF A MACHINE GUN, there is no way to read it and forget it, it is all validated in the streets of the U.S.A. If you would know where U.S. poetry is going, this book is essential. It deserves the highest ratings.

James Edward Dahl (Poems of the People)

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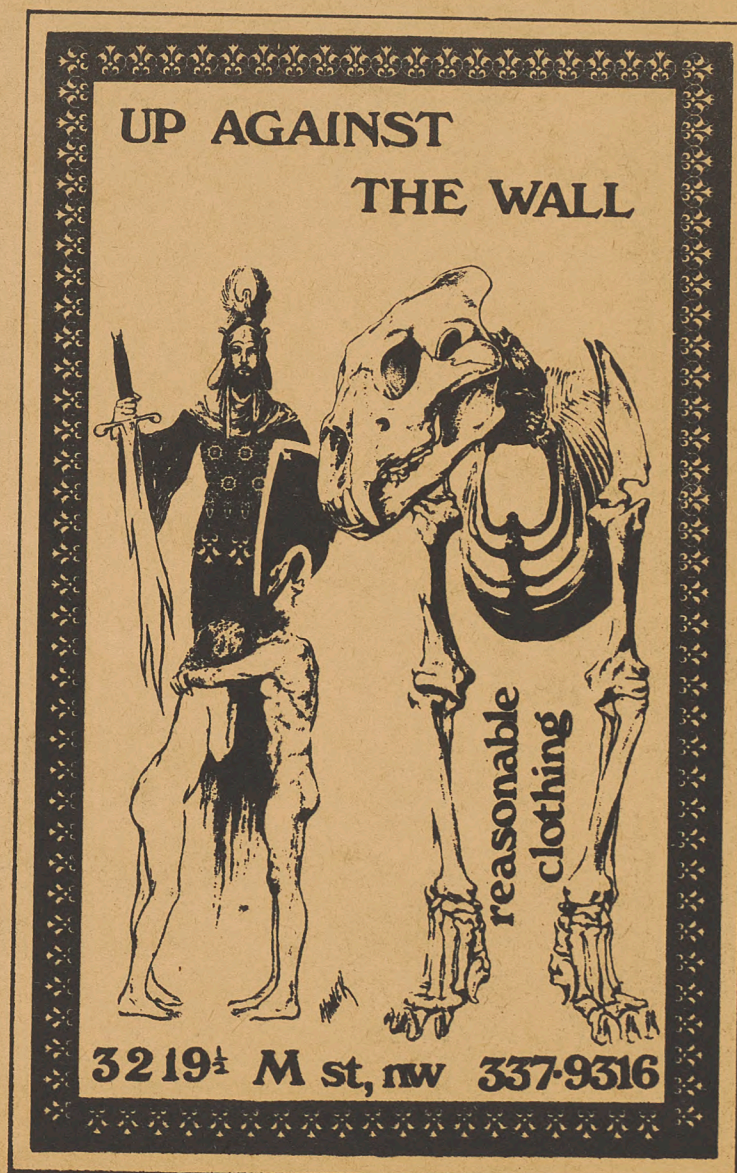
A TIME FOR BREAKING by Bill Tremblay, P. O. Box 738, Amherst, Mass., 28 pgs., \$1

This is it, May, 1970, and the whole thing comes crumbling down, for some of us, for many of us, especially white, students, "radicals" on campus, movement sympathizers waiting it out behind books and esoteric newspapers: suddenly KENT STATE massacre CAMBODIA blitzkrieg and we all know where we are. So did/does Bill Tremblay.

This chapbook, a 28 page poem printed clearly and big so you can't miss the message, is like watching the experience of your brothers and sisters who are white and on campus when Orangeburg finally spread to Middle America, like watching it on your TV screen, sound inside your head instead of from a speaker out there, stomach registering the movements of troops, and generals across the secret headquarters in the basement of the Pentagon, and your parents across their bedroom floors, their graves, yours, the bottom of your brain, it's the "Battle of Algiers" experience again only this time the name is Kent and the natives haven't won yet... yet... and maybe, why...

Mostly it's the testimony of one man, his Catholicism revisited when his father dies as Cambodia is invaded and Kent, his family and in-laws & the face of the military industrial complex, silent majority in technicolor blood ties, & what should he do about it, teacher, father, husband, boozier, poet, son, brother, son of a working man dead & the burning Vietnamese. Maybe he doesn't really find out, but he pretends to and the poem ends opening up to the possibilities that seemed so obviously obvious all along, until we, each, confront them, ourselves, look me in the face and say you're rid of the personal past of guilt and responsibility to that which you no longer believe. What will happen in May 1971, Bill Tremblay?

Michael Lally (Poems of the People)



ROCKRAPUP by Bear

Good news, good news, good news, today...turn, turn, turn around... That's the way it seems, because, only last week, we spoke about the appearance of two new groups of top quality and potential, ITCHY BROTHER and BUDGIE, and now this week we find ourselves with yet another, SKY COBB.

SKY COBB is sort of a re-incarnation of the old Jefferson Street Jug Band, a group that several years ago had some staunch supporters and made some fine music. Now, electricity has found its way into the instruments and the group has developed a fresh, original, and very earthy sound. Last weekend (January 22-23) they played their first gig at Emergency (which has been showcasing the best of the local bands for the last few months) and the reaction of the well-sized crowd gave every indication that a new band has arrived. There is still room for a little smoothness, but first gigs are always unnerving, and SKY COBB came off well under those circumstances. The group is made up of these people: Richard Sales on acoustic guitar, organ, piano, harmonica and slide guitar—Richard once had visions of being a solo artist, a la John Fahey, but is now happy working with Sky Cobb; Creg Haberer concentrates on piano, while Bruce McKinnon moves from lead guitar to organ and all around; drummer Mark Cuff and bassman Craig Warner provide the backbone of the group. Right now, SKY COBB is doing all their own material, the result of past experience and seven months of hard practice before accepting their first gig. It is hard to classify their music—perhaps that is a sign of its goodness. It has elements of traditional country, blues, good time music, and so on. The ultimate blend is a very listenable sound (avoiding the obvious Band-like imitation). One of the features of the group is that members switch instruments from song to song, thus allowing for a different sound for different songs: Bruce's organ playing is vastly different from Richard's, a change of mellowness and intention. Each member of the group is extremely capable, there is no feeling of intended support—the band has the same sense of empathy that has made CLAUDE JONES more than just a good band—they are part of the common cause. SKY COBB is a most welcome addition to the local music scene, and with more exposure, they should soon build up a strong following. (If you are interested in booking them, they are managed by Mike Oberman and Keith Krokyn, who can be reached at 588-5336—Mike also manages Claude Jones).



SKY COBB

BRIEFSBRIEFSBRIEFS: CRANK also played Emergency for a weekend, previous to SKY COBB and they have gotten better, harder and ever so much more together. Hard rock—that's what CRANK is about, and the reshaping of the group as a trio has made them musically more tight. Geoff Richardson's guitar work becomes ever so much more slick—not in a bad sense, but his speed seems to increase each successive time I see him play. And Johnny Castle is, to my mind, one of the better bass players around, and he too gets better and better. Johnny is also the Crankster most aware of the theatrics of rock, and it is a consistent pleasure to watch him play...body accents and harsh movements as the case may be. Guy Gengrass also seems to improve with age...when he finishes a set, you know he's finished. His solid drumming has been consistent since the early days (was it really just over a year ago?). When CRANK matches up with GRIN at Georgetown on January 30th, it should be some heavy show.

EMITT RHODES came to the Cellar Door last week, the latest step in his phenomenal rise to stardom following the release of his solo album several months ago. Emmitt is one of those artists who went through the process of playing with a band, became dissatisfied, and went into seclusion (with tapes recorders and various instruments). He emerged with an album and sold it. When it took off, he suddenly was very much in demand and he formed a band, since he obviously couldn't play four instruments at once. The band is mostly a reflection of his own musical inclinations. The Cellar Door was jam-packed for Emmitt's three day stay and considering that it was his first gig since the old days, he came off very well. Emmitt live is better than Emmitt on record because there is more of a sense of life to the songs than is possible through overtracking. As an instrumentalist, Emmitt showed much better through his use of the piano than his simplistic guitar playing. As a soloist, he represented himself as more than imitation. As a writer, he showed himself to be a composer of both melodic tunes and honest verse. In other words, he put on a fine show. What is relatively important to realize is that this show was Emmitt Rhodes' first gig. It's success becomes all the more important when you realize where this boy is going to be in six months or a year, when he's had the experience under his belt, when he's had the time to evolve with the band. When you consider that, well....

ROCK RECORDS

RY COODER (Reprise RS-6402) is a first album by a musician who has been a part of practically everybody else's music—from the Rolling Stones to the least known, struggling young group. His strength is that he is probably one of the finest bottleneck guitarists around. This album features much slide work, but also draws attention to a creditable voice and good all-around guitar work by Cooder. The people that Cooder draws his material from are among the classics—Leadbelly, Sleepy John Estes, Blind Willie Johnson. It is on Johnson's "Dark Is the Night" that Cooder does some of his best slide work. His own song, "Available Space" has the same feeling that Jesse Fuller gave you when he was playing four instruments at the same time—the construction of the song is simple, but there is a unique sense to it, old time music, and happy days.. It's nice that Cooder finally got his own album, because it certainly is a very unique sound.

IF continues to show its talents with their second album, simply titled IF2 (Capitol SW-676). Once again, this British group shows that the British brass-oriented bands have progressed well beyond the B, S & T formula of standardized arrangements. Along with Manfred Mann's Chapter III, and Keefe Hartley's band, IF features top individuals working in an organic whole. Particularly outstanding are guitarist Terry Smith and brassmen Dick Morrissey and Dave Quincey. With the added advantage of doing their own good material, they allow a number to develop along a traditional jazz concept—melody, improvisation, and return to melody. When they appeared recently at Maryland with Grand Funk, they blew some heads with their tightly constructed sounds, so hopefully this album will receive a good response in this area.

I found Andwella's first album—WORLD'S END (Dunhill DS-50095)—to be very pleasing. It is basically soft-rock, gentle music with great feelings of love and tenderness, and a sense of memory, or longing. "Lady Love" "I Got a Woman" "Reason for Living" "I'm Just Happy To See You Get Her" "----" "Lady with the laughing eyes/You take me halfway from here to Paradise/Help a blindman/In the wrong disguise/Who worships you." The constructions are mostly light, with occasional added orchestration, but the straightforward approach is very winning. David Lewis' lead vocals and work on guitar and flute are particularly fluid, but there is very much of a communal sensitivity to the band. Occasional free form jazz motifs creep in—the type of latin-jazz-rock that is overdone by Santana. Andwella is from England, but if you listen to this fine album, they'll be very much with you wherever you are.

From the picture on the cover of the album PLAY IT LOUD (Cotillion SD 9035), Slade is an English skin-head group. But the tough Borstal sound of FRESH is echoed in Slade's tight, together sound. They are meant to be played loud, but even then they maintain a fine balance and don't get lost in electronics. The group is composed of James Lea, Neville Holder, Donald Powell and David Hill. What the instrumental breakdown is can be anybody's guess, but the music is intelligent, hard rock. Luckily, they do mostly their own material, and its consistently fine. "Dirty Joker", "Raven", "See Us Here" and particularly outstanding. "Dapple Rose", which is sort of a tough Bee Gees—that is, the same intentions, but more earthy. Though the instrumentals aren't identified, the guitar work is very good throughout the album.

I think Sea Train is breaking away from its role as one of the most respected groups in rock and will soon be also one of the most popular. Anyone who's seen them in the last year knows what I mean—they've stolen the limelight at every concert, no matter who else has been billed. Now Capitol has released an album worthy of their talent (Capitol SMAS-659). There are few groups around that combine Sea Train's sensitivity with professional showmanship. Organically, the group features fiddler Richard Greene, bassist & flutist Andy Kulberg, keyboarder Lloyd Baskin, drummer Larry Atamanuik, guitarist Peter Rowan, and, unseen but very much present, lyricist Jim Roberts. The songs range from the semi-religious "Waiting for Elizah" and "Song of Job" to the lyrical "Home to You" and "Broken Morning" and the bouncy "I'm Willin'". Always outstanding is Greene's fiddle work, whether it be straight country fiddling or utilizing a wah-wah peddle. The vocals are unusually clear, and the album is beautifully produced by George Martin. One of the best releases of the new year, and a chance to catch up with a rising group.

Good, white blues bands are hard to come by. They tend to be either entirely derivative, or stale. The Chicago Climax Blues Band is actually from England, and they actually play a blues-influenced jazz-rock that features the sax work of Colin Cooper and the guitar of Pete Haycock. There is very little singing on the first side of this album. It is for the most part, hard driving rock-blues, beginning with the lightning paced "Flight", to the hopping "Cubano Chant" to the un-bluesy psychedelic homage to 2001 titled "Mum's the Word". The album is THE CLIMAX BLUES BAND PLAYS ON (Sire/London SES 97023), and it is excellently mixed and is quite a relief from the mediocre blues we are subjected to by derivative bands. Haycock does very fine work throughout the album, and it is nice fast blues played without an unnecessary loudness to distort the mistakes.

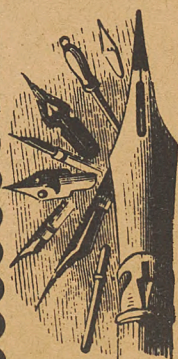
Cold Blood has gone through some personnel changes (in the brass section, mostly) and it has changed the group from competent to superior. Their latest album, SISYPHUS (San Francisco SD-205) is a knockout. On it, several factors that were absent from the first record become welcome additions—the horns are given more time to display their individual and collective talents and Lydia Pense is relieved of solo vocal duty by drummer Sandy McKee. Leader and keyboarder Raul Matute is also very evident, particularly in his piano work. Stand out cuts are without a doubt "Funky On My Back" (the longest cut on the album at 7 minutes) and most of the second side. "Funky" is an adequate description, though it moves through two definite phases and themes. The other five cuts are mostly blues-rock, and Lydia makes her stand as one of the better stylists currently working.

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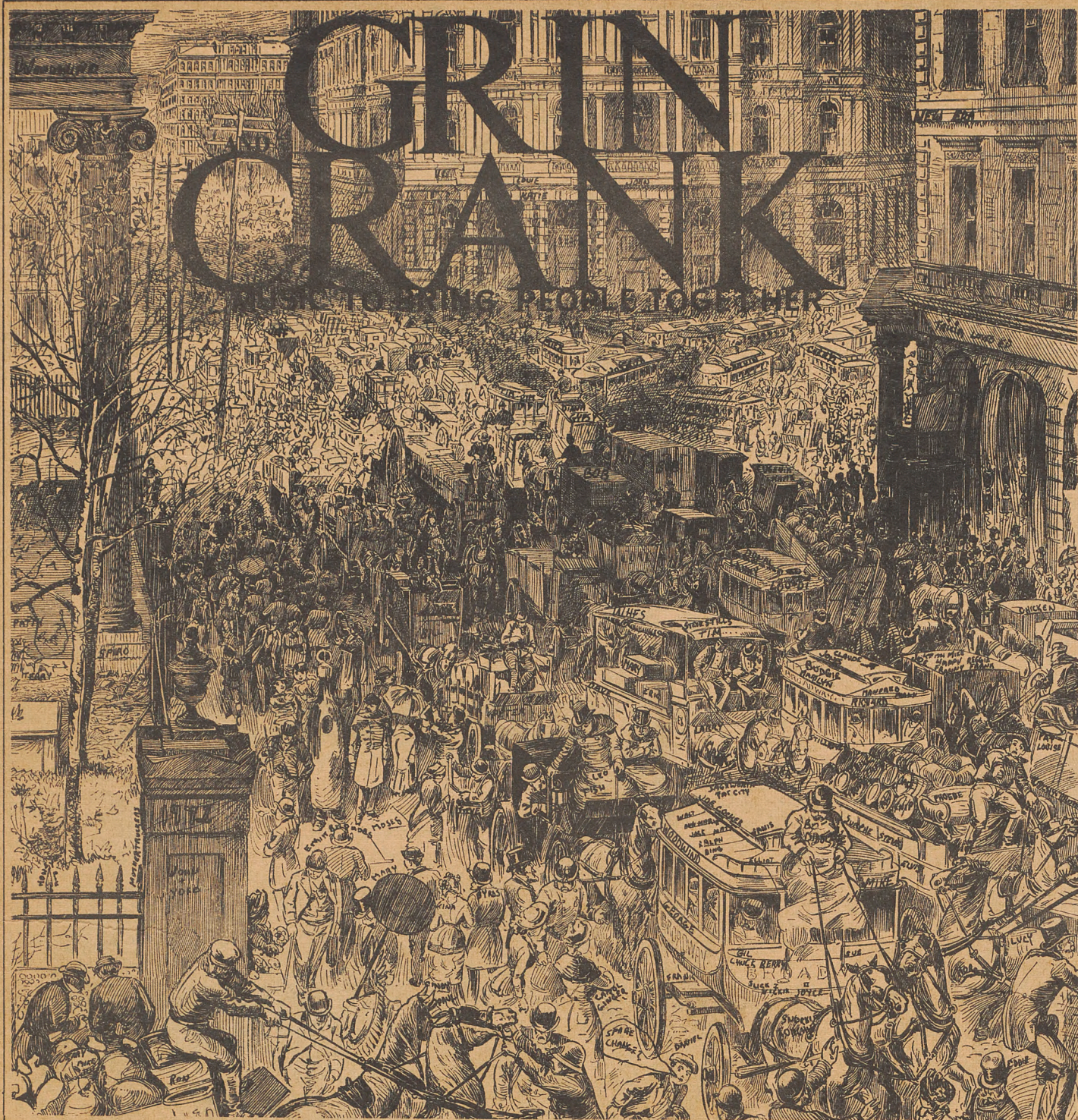
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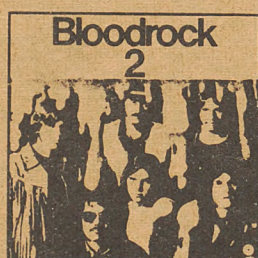


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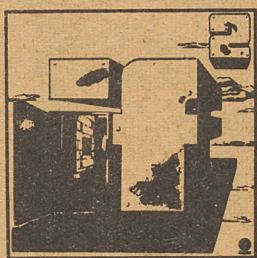


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